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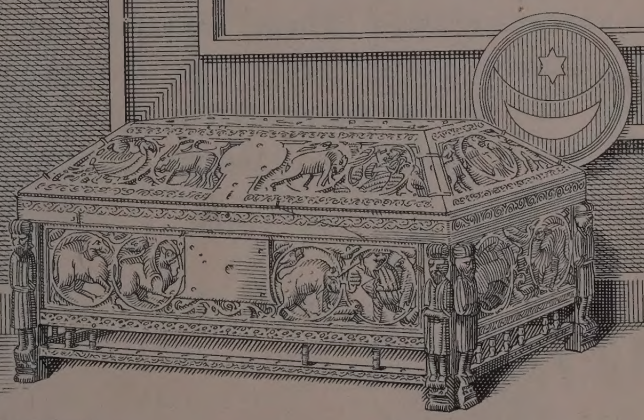

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IN OUR NEXT ISSUE: *The Harlot on the Stage.* Never has the Scarlet Woman been so prominent on the stage as she is today. Charles Henry Meltzer gives an outline of the famous tarnished stage heroines from classic times. ☙ A chief component of the modern spectacular revue is the lighting, as important to the finished perfection of the production as perfume is to the toilet of a beautiful woman. Hassard Short, the well-known director of *The Music Box Revue,* tells how he obtains his remarkable effects. ☙ An intimate pen-portrait of Eva Le Gallienne, one of the most brilliant of our younger actresses, by Ada Patterson. Is the day of the matinée idol past? Three foreign heroes recently have caused a flutter among our feminine hearts. Read about them in the February Theatre. The usual beautiful pictures and amusing cartoons.

F. E. ALLARDT, Director of Circulation

LOUIS MEYER, PAUL MEYER } Publishers

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THEATRE MAGAZINE

ARTHUR HORNBLOW, Editor

Olla Podrida

Bishop Manning Takes a Hand

FOLLOWING the lead of the Methodist Episcopal Board which recently went on record as condemning a play now being performed on Broadway, because it deals with commercialized vice, Bishop William T. Manning has requested the Social Service Commission of the Protestant Episcopal Church of this diocese to begin an immediate investigation of certain plays. One can be reasonably sure what the report of the commission will be—only blind or deaf men could fail to discover the degrading nature of some of the pieces lately exploited for profit—but it is not so clear what action the good bishop purposes taking if the complaints are sustained. What can he do to stop these objectionable shows—and thus avert that impending calamity, a State Censorship—when the Society for the Suppression of Vice, the Commissioner of Licenses, the Managers' Producing Association and the Citizens' jury have all found themselves powerless to check the offensive output.

The Play Jury scheme seems to us utterly impracticable, especially when we glance at the names of some of the citizens selected for the panel. The published list, including as it does artists, musicians, bankers, opera directors, society woman, men about town, reads more like the roster of fashionable box-holders at the Opera than a body of respectable Puritans summoned to mend the morals of the community. Were these persons picked out because of their well-known adherence to a high standard of conduct or merely because of the prominence of their names? Our list would include very different kind of people. Here are a few names at random: Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, Judge William McAdoo, Rabbis Silverman and Wise, Sophie Irene Loeb, Rev. Percy Stickney Grant, Dr. Katharine Bement Davis, former Commissioner of Correction; Mrs. James Lees Laidlaw, Mrs. Finley Shepherd (Helen Gould), Rev. John Haynes Holmes, Mrs. Olive Stott Gabriel, lawyer and feminist; Judge Victor J. Dowling, Mrs. Norman DeR. Whitehouse, George Mayer, Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, Helen P. McCormick, former assistant district attorney.

The one official whose position and authority enables him to cope most easily with the situation is, of course, August W. Glatzmayer, Commissioner of Licenses. He can suspend the license of any theatre which continues, after due warning, to present any play officially declared objectionable. But the Commissioner, it is understood, will act only on complaints made openly by responsible citizens, a condition which renders the likelihood of a private complaint fairly remote. In justice to Commissioner Glatzmayer it must be pointed out that his position is a difficult one. It is easy to say off hand that a play is objectionable and injurious to the morals of the community, but not so easy to prove it in court. Morality and indecency are elastic terms. The manager of the play criticised would naturally set up a vigorous denial and then it would be up to the experts to determine what is decent and what indecent and where the line must be drawn. The lawyer or judge who can decide that will indeed be a Solomon in his generation.

Walter Hampden's Repertoire Theatre

ALL lovers of the theatre at its best deplored the unfortunate accident—an injury to his foot while acting the title rôle in *Cyrano de Bergerac*—which compelled Walter Hampden temporarily to interrupt his performances at the National Theatre at the height of his success.

Mr. Hampden is one of the few players of the day whose aesthetic equipment is calculated to successfully establish in this city a permanent repertoire theatre. In the face of difficulties likely to daunt the bravest, he has pushed steadily forward in his profession. Today he is generally recognized as a most resourceful and finished player and a manager of delicate taste and fine sensitive accomplishment. If the metropolis rallies to his banner we may expect to see not only revivals of established classics but the presentation and production of plays instinct with poetical beauty and valued for their worth as vital contributions to the stage.

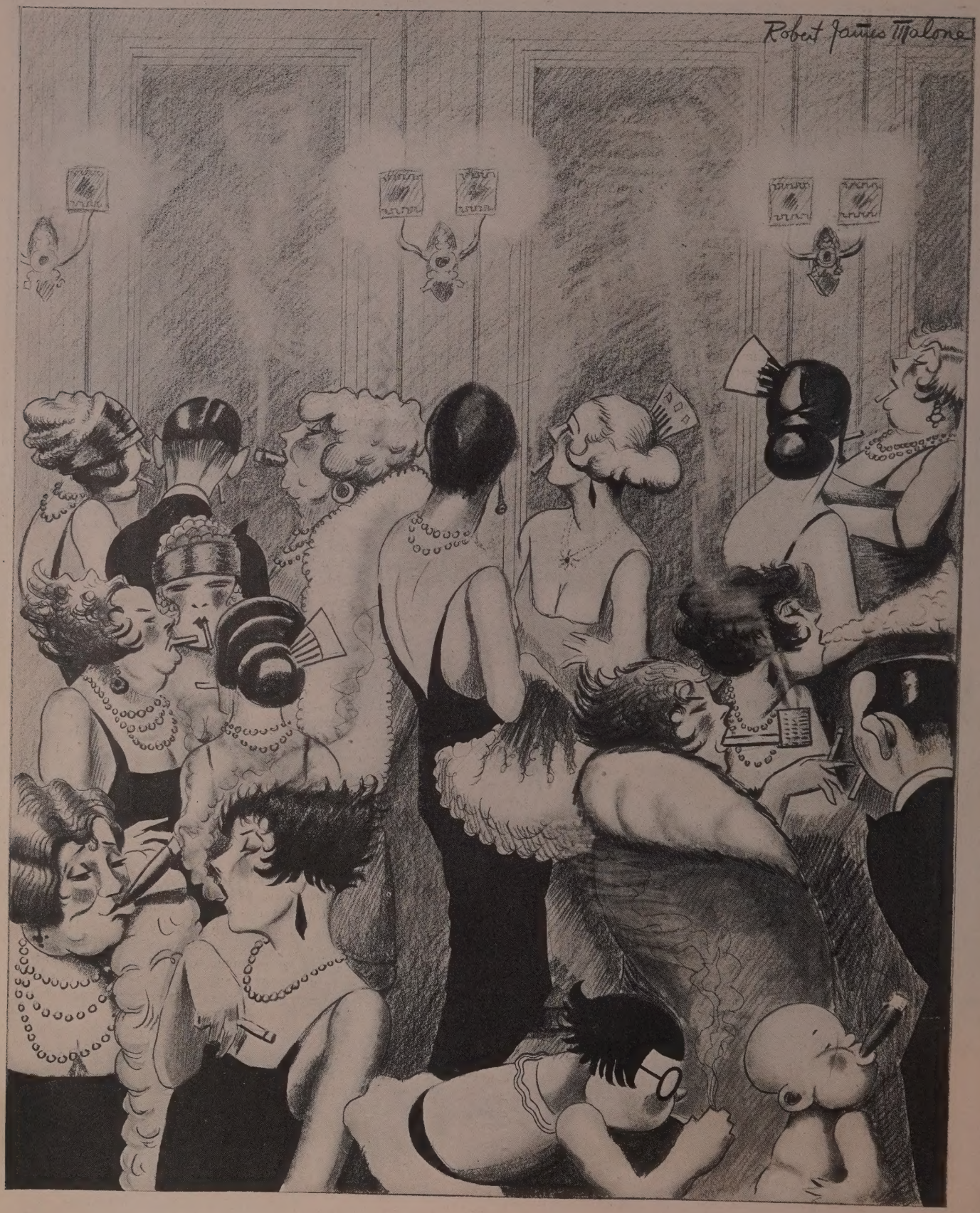
Statistics estimate that one-sixth of the population of Greater New York seeks daily relaxation in its playhouses and moving picture theatres. It would seem that from this enormous array of patronage there should be a sufficient quota to make permanent and profitable Mr. Hampden's intelligent and artistic venture at the National Theatre, which house will be his for one season at least. It will be a crying disgrace to the metropolis if this actor whom Mr. John Ranken Towse declares the "greatest American actor of his generation," is not called upon to remain there indefinitely.

America's Tribute to Foreign Talent

IN one of the prefaces prepared for the English translation of the Duse repertoire, Mr. Oliver Sayler has his own interpretation as to what the recent outburst of enthusiasm for artists speaking an alien tongue really means. He says it is doubtful whether to think in terms of a world theatre, that knows no bound of language, was learned by us "until within the last two or three years, since a war of worlds compelled us to think and feel and see in terms other than ourselves."

This profound thought is in line with the astonishing ignorance occasionally displayed by some of our younger critics who apparently are unaware that our stage has an historical background. Of course, everybody knows better than that. With true metropolitan pride it may be asserted that no city in the world exceeds New York in its prompt and substantial recognition of dramatic genius. Rachel, Ristori, Bernhardt, Salvini, Rossi, Coquelin, Mounet-Sully, Novelli, are only a few of those distinguished foreign artists who reaped both American fame and ducats, while so generous was the welcome extended to Fechter, Janauschek, Modjeska and Nazimova that they made this country their permanent home.

Morris Gest deserves all credit for the enterprise which made possible the coming of these foreign players, but to convey the impression that we were previously incapable of appreciating foreign dramatic talent is little short of ridiculous.



THE SMOKERS

If the play's dull, there's plenty of fun in the foyer during the intermissions watching the old ladies trying to keep up with the flappers. A study from life by Robert James Malone

Our Door Is on the Latch

The Theatre Guild, Answering Criticism, Flings This Challenge to the Native Dramatists

By THERESA HELBURN
Executive Director of the Theatre Guild

I HAVE been asked to answer Walter Prichard Eaton's article on The Theatre Guild, which appeared in THEATRE MAGAZINE for October.

We are constantly being criticised for appearing to be more friendly to the foreign, rather than to the American, dramatist. Such is not the case. Our door is always on the latch for the entrance of new American plays of sincerity and quality.

If you remember that the drama of twenty nations is in the scale against what we receive of the home output, that the American product is pitted against the best of the whole world, the ratio we have maintained of one American play out of five is much higher than it might appear. There is, however, nothing preordained about this ratio. This balance may be upset at any time and to everyone's gratification. Indeed, our season program is never irrevocably fixed.

Mr. Eaton ends his article on what might be considered a note of challenge—and a rather heretical challenge at that. "I would honestly like to see the Guild put on a play by George M. Cohan," he says, "one which Cohan wrote *con amore*, for the sheer joy of getting fun out of the life he sees about him." So would I, so would all of us! I can not imagine anything more delightful. If Mr. Cohan would forget for the moment the mediocrity of the particular audience he is determined, in his own words, "to keep just two pages ahead of," and write for himself alone or for the world-at-large, regardless of its particular stupidities, what a keen, joyous, technically expert satire would result! I should be glad to guarantee Mr. Cohan a warm welcome by the Theatre Guild.

THE COHAN POINT OF VIEW

BUT shall we ever get the chance to extend that welcome? I am afraid not. And why should we? Mr. Cohan's taking the trouble to become a serious, instead of a superficial, satirist would not necessarily change him from a serious to a superficial business man. He would be the first person to recognize the commercial value of his own product. Sincere Cohan would, I am convinced, be quite as popular fare as hokum Cohan, although it might take considerably more time and effort to write, and from Mr. Cohan's point of view, "Why bother?" But should he ever decide to bother, there is no reason why he should give up the fruits of his labor to the Theatre Guild, or to William Harris, Jr., or to Al Woods or to any of the other managements, who would doubtless be delighted to "come in." For the commercial manager is no longer afraid of good plays. Indeed he prefers them to bad, so long as they promise to be equally popular. And perhaps the Theatre Guild may claim some of the credit for having emphasized this possibility.

"Is *The First Year* one whit inferior as a play to *Mr. Pim Passes By?*" asks Mr. Eaton. Well, that is a matter of opinion, but, for the sake of argument, let us say "No." The point is that *Mr. Pim* was produced two years before *The First Year*, when no commercial manager would risk it. It was a time when light comedy was considered the most doubtful of theatrical properties, when the play with a punch held sway. I believe the success of *Pim* had much to do with bringing light comedy back to its own, and in preparing an easy reception for *The Truth About Blayds*, *The Dover Road*, and American products of the same character. It seems to me the function of the Guild is not merely to do good plays, the sort of plays any good commercial manager might do, but to do the thing he doesn't want to do, or at least to do it before he is ready to attempt it. There are various sorts of experiments in the theatre and this is one of them. In this sense, *John Ferguson*, *Mr. Pim*, *Heartbreak House* and *Liliom* were all experimental, though viewed today from the rear platform of the theatrical express, they have lost their pioneer atmosphere.

> "The door of the Theatre Guild is always on the latch for the entrance of new American plays of sincerity and quality. If it is remembered that the drama of twenty nations is in the scale against what the Guild receives of the home output, that the American product is pitted against the best of the whole world, the ratio maintained of one American play out of five is much higher than may appear."

Now if the American drama evolves in the delightfully Utopian way Mr. Eaton has outlined, it will carry nothing of the experimental about it. It will, indeed, be hard to say what claim the Guild will have, or what obligation to rescue it from the entirely adequate and skillful hands of Broadway. As Mr. Eaton says, we have at present "a technically expert native drama, which has at least the humble merit of surface veracity and great entertainment value." Add to this a deeper significance and of a kind "to shed a kindly light amid the encircling gloom," and you will undoubtedly have a delightful result. The Guild would make a great mistake not to produce it, and so would everyone else.

But I can not agree with Mr. Eaton that the American drama will evolve so easily and optimistically, and I should hate to see its mood so limited. It is not, I think, that the American playwright feels the Guild requires him to write like Ibsen or Tolstoi or Ervine, but very often the American author is imbued with the same sense of bitterness and frustration, or cosmic criticism that so frequently underlies Europeans, and that when he has given way to this creative impulse—quite as genuine as the other—it will be to the Guild rather than to the other theatres that he will turn for a hearing. It is easy to find a welcome when you are writing in terms of the mass. It is when you are writing in terms of the few, that one meets obstacles.

A MATTER OF OPINION

IT would be a joy to have produced *Clarence*, or *Mary the Third*, or *Rollo's Wild Oat*, or *Dulcy*, and various other plays in the best American tradition (which by the way were never submitted to us) but there are always people to do these plays. There is no one to do *Back to Methuselah*, *The Adding Machine*, *The Tidings Brought to Mary*, and there is also a place in the theatre for these plays, though it may not be as large or as assured. In the last analysis, of course, the choice of a play is a matter of opinion. Speaking personally and unofficially, of the eleven plays produced on Broadway last year, which had been previously offered to the Guild, there is only one I regret not having done. It is not the one Mr. Eaton regrets, not the clever, neat comedy of his choice, but a bitter and true study of family tyranny—the best, I think, that has so far appeared on our stage, although it ran only four weeks in a very small house. We would probably have done this play had it not been presented to us when we were at work on *Ambush* which struck somewhat the same note and made us unwilling to offer our members a second domestic tragedy with an equally bitter taste. Practical considerations of this sort have often, unfortunately, to enter into a decision for production. But I particularly regret our inability to do *The Square Peg*, knowing how our organized audience would have fostered and lengthened its life, always assuming we equalled Mr. McClintoc's delightful and poignant production.

Mr. Eaton, himself, has suggested the answer to the whole question, but perhaps the simple truth needs restating, as simple truths often do. It is that a producing organization devoted to the presentation of the best in the theatre naturally finds a greater proportion of possibilities in Europe than it does in America. Moreover, an organization which has not yet laboratory facilities to even partially substitute for the

(*Continued on page* 56)

Are You Safe in the Theatre?

How Science and Eternal Vigilance Have Conquered the Menace of Fire

By BURR COOK

I STOOD one evening with a friend watching a stubborn battle between scientific fire-fighting methods and a savage blaze, on the fifth floor of a downtown factory building. Fifty girls were employed on that floor and, after heroic efforts on the part of the firemen, all but two were rescued. As we drove home later in the evening we chanced to pass the portals of a Broadway theatre, just letting out after the evening's performance—swarms of well-dressed, carefree men and women pouring out of the brightly-lighted lobby, as they were out of scores of similar lobbies all along that brilliant thoroughfare known as "The Great White Way"—the theatrical capital of the world!

The tragic query in my friend's glance, as he turned toward me, needed no words: "What if that place caught fire?"

The thought started a train of vivid reflections in my mind. Why doesn't that place catch fire? Why is it that in 600 theatres and motion picture houses in the city of New York—accommodating over 700,000 people nightly—there has not been a single fire of any consequence for the past thirty years?

A rather amazing situation!—the more so when we consider that, throughout the entire year, New York City has an average of fifty fires a day. Some portion of its immense fire-fighting equipment is constantly in action, combatting the most destructive element known to man. Millions of dollars in goods and property are destroyed annually; and yet—for thirty years—there has not been a single fire of any consequence in a New York theatre. What is the reason?

The average theatregoer is not of a particularly inquiring disposition. He goes to the theatre to be amused and the fact that, during his two or three hours there, he is made perfectly safe and comfortable is taken as a matter of course. Back in his subconscious mind may linger faint recollections of hazards and catastrophies, such as the Iroquois Theatre fire in Chicago in 1904—when nearly 500 persons perished—but he comforts himself with the thought that now-a-days amusement places are built of steel and concrete. Besides, are there not any number of exits with red lights over them? Who ever heard of a fire in a modern theatre anyway!

THE FEAR DANGER

THIS is a fairly general attitude of mind and the men who guard the lives of the public from the menace of fire—although they alone know how unwarranted it is—are glad that it is so. It often simplifies their work.

One afternoon, about a year ago, the present writer was seated in a crowded balcony of one of New York's older theatres, watching the projection of a well-known film. The house was crowded and people were standing in the passageways in the rear of the seats. Suddenly, in the midst of an exciting scene, every light in the place went out. For a moment there were giggles and a low buzz of conversation, but, as the darkness continued, this rapidly changed to a nervous shuffling of feet, hysterical laughter, the flash of pocket lights. Someone struck a match. There were angry shouts of warning.

NOTICE: This Theatre, with every seat occupied, can be emptied in less than three minutes. Choose NOW the Exit nearest to your seat, and in case of fire walk (do not run) to that Exit.
THOMAS J. DRENNAN, Fire Commissioner.

The fire department has tried to minimize the panic peril by printing at the top of every theatre program the above notice. Exit doors open at your touch. If in doubt, try one.

An older generation of theatregoers has not forgotten the disasters of the Brooklyn Theatre, the Iroquois Theatre of Chicago and similar catastrophies. Occasionally, we are reminded, as by a quickly controlled fire at the old Thalia Theatre in the Bowery only the other day, that accidents still happen. But thanks to modern methods, and vigilance, the danger of fire and panic has been reduced to a minimum. You were never safer in the theatre than you are today.

In a few short minutes that theatre-full of well-behaved people had become a nerve-racked mob, ready to stampede for the doors in the disastrous panic of fear that every fireman knows and is on the watch for. A flashlight quickly illuminated the front of the stage and a fireman in uniform appeared before the curtain. In a few terse words he had explained the trouble, which was entirely outside the theatre, at the city lighting plant, and gradually the fear-maddened throng returned to its senses. The lights came on again and the performance was resumed. A disaster had been narrowly averted.

Every legitimate theatre and important motion picture house in New York has stationed there throughout a performance a fireman whose duty is not only to guard against fire, but also to act in such emergencies as the above. According to the city ordinances, the fire department has full charge of theatres and all places of public assembly, being responsible for order and the general safety of the public—duties which customarily fall to the police.

It should be reassuring to the theatre-going public to know that there is always someone on hand looking out for their welfare; that they need not depend solely upon the steel and concrete walls for their protection; that, if there is a fire, they will assuredly be given notice of it in ample time to permit them to file quietly out of the building, without forgetting pocketbooks or fur pieces.

And yet, panic is the one great danger in public assemblies today. Any fireman will tell you that an audience of the most intelligent people will, at the slightest circumstance out of the ordinary—the distant clanging of fire bells, a whiff of smoke, a cry of "fight" from the gallery, or the sudden extinguishing of lights—promptly revert to a trembling, panicky mob. Those subconscious recollections of disaster force their way to the surface. The saner element is always in a small minority and of little avail. Only the reassuring sight of a uniform, backed by the voice of authority, is capable of restoring order.

THE ALARM TEST

IT is thus apparent that the theatre fireman's responsibilities are heavy and, for that reason, he is bound to a strict routine of duty. He must report at the theatre one hour before each performance, go directly to the fire alarm box on the stage and send a test signal to Headquarters. If he receives an o. k. in reply—the Morse code '2', '3'—indicating that the apparatus is in working order, he proceeds to his next duty; if not, he immediately telephones Headquarters and gives notice of the defect, which is at once remedied. In case a fire occurs he is instructed not to depend on the stage alarm box alone, but to send a second call from the nearest street box.

After examining the alarm the theatre fireman next tries all exit doors, looking to see that there is no obstruction on stairways or fire-escapes. Oftentimes, in winter, it is necessary to chop ice away from door sills and steps. Next he must ascend to the theatre roof and climb to the top of the water tanks—a rather risky job in winter—to make sure there is sufficient water and that it has not frozen. Following this he reports to the stage manager and requests a lowering and raising of the asbestos curtain, to see that it operates properly.

This last is important, for the modern asbestos curtain—although it looks rather clumsy and useless—is one of the surest safeguards against the spread of fire. The ropes that hold it, while not in use, are

(*Continued on page* 52)

WITCHES IN THE MOONLIGHT

A Lunar Fantasy of the Jazz Age by Alfred Cheney Johnston

(Grace Robinson and Geneva Durka in the *Greenwich Village Follies*)

Heard on Broadway

Stories and News Straight from the Inside of the Theatre World

As Told by L'Homme Qui Sait

NEW YORK is becoming verily a clearing house for the world's theatrical great. Practically all of them have come here now and the few who haven't will soon. All except the GUITRYS, for I believe it fairly safe to predict that the famous French trio of Guitry, *père,* son Sacha and the latter's wife, Yvonne Printemps, will never play Broadway. Perhaps years from now when the old gentleman has thoroughly retired or another squabble has divided the camp as it was once divided before, the two younger ones will venture over, but it will not mean so much, for Lucien, after all, is the genius of the three.

PAPA GUITRY AND HIS *MAL DE MER*

TALKING of the Guitrys and their not coming over here, calls to mind that the nearest prospectives to the rôle of their American manager were the SELWYNS. Be it said to the credit of the romantic Edgar and his more mundane brother, Arch, that they were willing to take on a gamble which could mean at the best their breaking even and at the worst their parting with something between fifty and sixty thousand dollars. They offered the illustrious Parisian players a gigantic guarantee of salary, the paying of all their travelling and living expenses throughout the trip and the gift of a Rolls-Royce car. It nearly tempted the not ungreedy Lucien into overcoming his aversion to boats and taking a chance. He went so far as to consent to take the liner at Cherbourg which stopped en route to New York at Southampton on condition that he might disembark at the English port and return forthwith to Paris if a suspicion of *mal de mer* seized him. But this was an uncertainty that dissatisfied Sacha and friend wife and precipitated an argument that put the scheme to rout! And so we are cheated of a glimpse of the world's best actor and the world's prettiest legs. This obviously omits Sacha from consideration but I cannot but feel that he has little to offer Broadway that he cannot offer through the kind offices of our major adapters.

One sees LEE SHUBERT doing a great deal of scurrying about these days, desperate, no doubt, to solve to his satisfaction the impending strike which, if it came, might ruin him. After all, the Producing Managers, as such, can afford to pack up their flannels in June and hie for foreign climes there to rest until the trouble is ended. Most of them have no theatres to bother about and even those few who have one or two are reconciled to the loss that might follow being shut down for a few months. After all, their theatres are usually closed during the summer months in any case. But with the Shuberts it is different. They own an untold score of playhouses, many of them customarily kept open during the dog days by profitable girl shows. Shutting down for any length of time would in their case spell ruin unless powerful financial interests helped stand the gaff. The Shuberts are very rich, they are multi-millionaires as a result of their amazing grasp on real estate in New York. But not even Henry Ford's bank account could stand for very long the lying idle of the monstrously expensive Shubert theatres in town and on the road.

HONORING THE SHUBERTS

TO mention the Shuberts again, I reflect upon the fact that it is more or less the custom to roast them. The powerful, the rich, the influential are always roasted so there is no need for this to concern them. Whether the roasting is merited or not is not for me to discuss. But I can at least make a slight curtsey to the genius and slaving that brought these two usher boys from up-State, with a few pennies saved out of an opera-glass privilege, through victorious in a fight with a vicious and contemptible theatrical combine backed by millions. The state of the theatrical business in this country is still parlous and questionable, but at least the Shuberts can lay claim to having made it far less malodorous than it was before they began.

NEW YORK'S "SMART FIRST NIGHT"

OCCASIONALLY, when I am fortunate enough to be able to stick my head from out the atmosphere of the theatrical world, I hear "laymen" comment rapturously on how remarkable "first-nights" must be and how much they long to attend one. So far as the latter goes, anyone is privileged, and save for the few very important openings, seats may always be had at the box-office for any première. But so far as the fascination and marvel of the event goes let me advise my longing readers that there are few gatherings cheaper, more obnoxious or more stupid than pack themselves within the walls of a New York playhouse when a piece is being exposed for the first time. Occasionally, as I say, MR. BELASCO does himself proud with a really remarkably smart and interesting audience or GILBERT MILLER'S prestige helps keep the traditional glow of an Empire first-night alive. But for the most, the audience is comprised of an unseemly and ill-clothed collection of male, female and neuter vagabonds, touts, claquers, easy-women, gyp ticket speculators, press agents, dressmakers and procurers. There are three New York critics who dress like gentlemen. Add a scattering of fairly well known actresses and two or three pairs of the *declassée* swift society set and you have the picture. Interesting as an object lesson perhaps, but scarcely anything to long for in the chaste and honest tranquility of home.

Broadway is babbling of the defection of MARCUS LOEW, a heretofore bright and intelligent showman, in furnishing free to the public via radio the very entertainment he demands money for in his theatres. From Station WHN at the Loew State Building the gentleman in question is sending or causing to be sent daily and nightly vaudeville acts identical with those he exhibits on his stage in the same edifice. Why people should tackle Broadway's abhorrent traffic when they can sit home in the old slippers and turn a dial to get the same stuff I don't know. If anything might be calculated to alienate patronage and teach a large proportion of the New York public to practise that indifference to the theatre which is so prevalent outside New York this radio business might. I hereby offer Mr. Loew a half of one of my precious columns to explain and, if possible, justify himself.

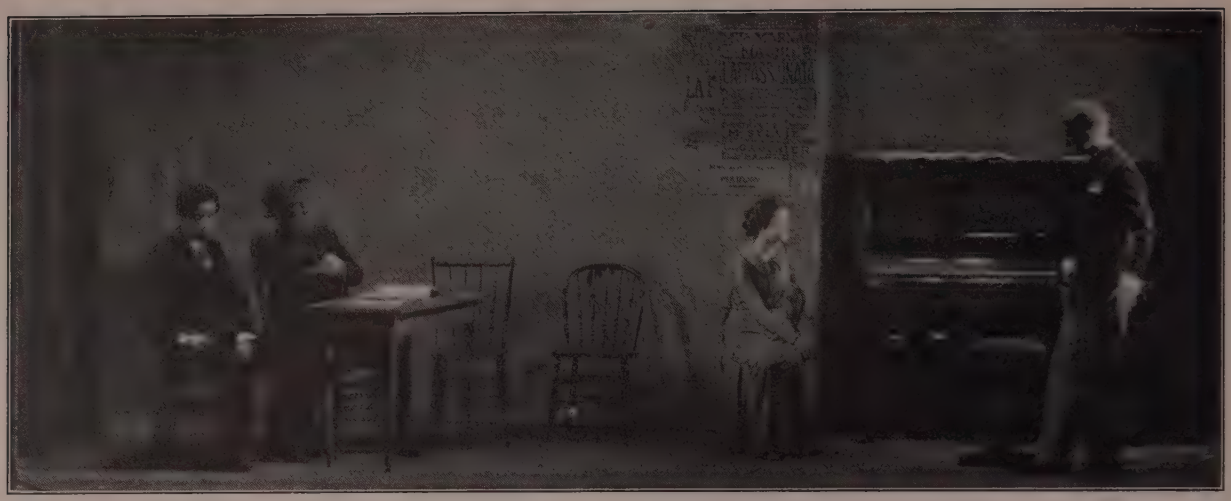
PITY THE POOR TREASURER

THE current babbling about box-office men and their graft from the specs amuses me. It has about it, in the press at least, a quality of ingenuous astonishment at the condition which is truly humorous. Actually this is a state of affairs that has been going on for years and is well known to everyone on Broadway. I know of one box-office treasurer getting a salary of sixty dollars a week who was offered an all-year-round job at a hundred and fifty in the offices of the same employer and refused it. The instant a big hit lands in a theatre it is generally expected that the man who sells the tickets or "ducats" as Broadway calls them will be buying a large new car around Springtime! And that answers the question "how *do* the gyp speculators immediately collect all the good locations for a hit?"

Portrait by Alfred Cheney Johnston

MITZI—OF THE MAGIC RING

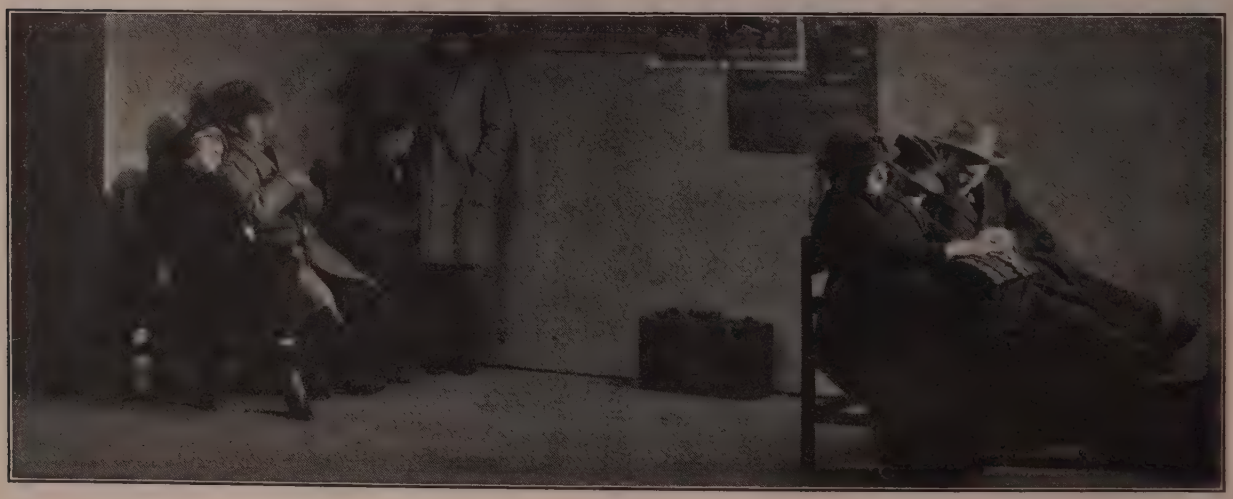
Awaiting pennies and applause, the hand-organ girl continues to work the white magic of enchantment upon her audience in her present whimsical musical play.



He (*Jacob Ben Ami, extreme left*) and She (*Winifred Lenihan, centre right*) and Montredon (*Dudley Digges, left centre*) all failures in their chosen profession, at a rehearsal of a play—also a failure—greet the "Second Phantom" (*Sterling Holloway*) who arrives late.

In the squalor of their surroundings He and She find a moment's surcease from their sorrows in their tender moments of love.

Depressed by his failures, crushed by the tragedy of his domestic life, the young husband drinks heavily in order to forget, and returns to his wife intoxicated.



The little band of histrionic failures, after a one night stand, assemble, hungry and cold and embittered by the hard life they lead, in a railroad station to wait for a train to take them on to—another one night stand. (*Settings by Lee Simonson*).

THE NEW PLAY

"The Failures" by The Theatre Guild, an Epic of the Unsuccessful

Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play

Robert E. Lee

Historical play in three acts by John Drinkwater, produced by William Harris, Jr., at the Ritz Theatre, on Nov. 20th, with this cast:

General Scott, Burr McIntosh; Robert E. Lee, Berton Churchill; Tom Buchanan, John Marston; Ray Warrenton, Richard Barbee; David Peel, Alfred Lunt; General Stuart, James Durkin; General "Stonewall" Jackson, David Landau; Jefferson Davis, Eugene Powers; Mrs. Meadows, Millie James.

ONE of the reasons Mr. Drinkwater's *Robert E. Lee* did not please theatregoers down South was probably because the English dramatist stresses the point that, while Lee was loyal to Virginia and sacrificed everything to fight for his native soil, he was not in sympathy with the politicians who had made possible the fratricidal, hopeless struggle. This is shown very plainly all through the play, in the opening scenes where David Peel and his young Southern comrades—instead of being fired with a fine enthusiasm for a sacred cause—are made to speak most pessimistically and bitterly of the situation, and more particularly in the later scene with Jefferson Davis when Lee abruptly tells the President of the Confederacy that the game is up—the South can fight no more. Davis, obstinate, refuses to listen to the voice of wisdom. The politicians insist on draining the bitter cup to the very dregs, and Lee, heavy at heart, leaves his chief's presence—head bent, gravely silent, too much the soldier to question orders—to carry on until the final surrender at Appomattox. Southerners resent this view of Lee's attitude as they do the lack of homage paid by the dramatist to the chivalrous spirit of the South. They like to believe that Lee, their brilliant and beloved military leader, was not only loyal to his native Virginia but also heart and soul on the side of State's rights. If they cannot believe that, how can they consistently make a national hero of him?

The drama failed to please for some such reason, and for much the same reason it is not likely to meet with greater favor here. A play depicting the struggle of a people—however just and sacred the cause—that the characters themselves concede is lost from the start can hardly expect to make a wide appeal. The whole thing becomes futile at the very beginning. It is all grey, sad, monotonously dismal. The only interest in the play is the heroic figure of Lee himself, the soldier of high principles, unflinchingly steadfast to what he considers his duty, fighting a fight he knows is hopeless, but going stoically on to the bitter end.

The play does not compare in interest, or even in technique and literary finish, with this author's *Abraham Lincoln*. The scenes are uninspired; the lines dull and dirge-like. In the hectic tableau in the second act where Lee stands on top of Malvern Hill giving hurried orders during the storm of battle, men dying all round him, the scene borders unpleasantly on melodrama. The shooting, disagreeable to sensitive ears, is overdone. There is an effective picture in Act I where, on the eve of hostilities, the young people—the girls very charming in the gowns of the period—are seen dancing in Lee's house, with the moonlit waters of the Potomac glistening in the background. But one pretty scene does not make a play. I fear *Robert E. Lee* is not slated for a long run.

Berton Churchill impersonates Lee with fine dignity and reserve. The modesty of the great soldier, his intrepid courage, his humanity are admirably portrayed. Burr McIntosh, burly, rugged, soldierly makes a capital General Scott, and David Landau is impressively realistic as "Stonewall" Jackson. Alfred Lunt deserves special mention for his David Peel, an earnest, beautiful performance.

Queen Victoria

Historical play by David Carb and Walter Prichard Eaton. Produced by Equity Players, Inc., at the Forty-eighth St. Theatre on November 15th, with the following cast:

Archbishop of Canterbury, Albert Tavernier; Lord Conyngham, Herbert Standing, Jr.; Duchess of Kent, Winifred Hanley; Alexandrina Victoria, Beryl Mercer; Stockmar, Hubert Wilke; Lord Melbourne, Donald Cameron; Duke of Wellington, Edward Fielding; Lord Palmerston, Mr. William Ingersoll; Prince Albert, Ulrich Haupt; William Ewart Gladstone, George Farren; Benjamin Disraeli, Clarence Derwent; Prince of Wales, Arthur Maude.

IT took courage for two comparatively inexperienced dramatists to attempt an historical play introducing the principal personages and covering the chief events of Victoria's reign. To have accomplished that difficult feat and made a successful job of it, is quite a feather in the joint cap of the authors, Messrs. David Carb and Walter Prichard Eaton.

In a quick succession of tableaux, the play presents the leading incidents of Victoria's illustrious career. The first episode shows the interior of Kensington Palace one June morning in 1837. It is not yet daybreak. William IV had died at 2.30 A. M. At five o'clock the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chamberlain hurry to the Palace to inform Alexandrina Victoria—then a girl of eighteen—that she is queen of England. Aroused out of her sleep, despite the protests of her attendants, the young girl comes downstairs in her nightgown to hear the wonderful news. Presently Lord Melbourne, the Prime Minister, and other members of the cabinet arrive and the new queen, slippers on her feet, tears in her eyes, receives their oaths of allegiance.

The scene changes to a room in Buckingham Palace. Two years have passed. Lord Melbourne, whose tact and personal charm have won the young queen's friendship, tells Victoria that for reasons of State, it is necessary that she marry and that her cousin Prince Albert of Coburg has been selected for her hand. Victoria rebels. The very idea of marriage shocks her exaggerated sense of modesty. But when Prince Albert, a tall, handsome young officer, arrives, she changes her mind. It is love at first sight. Later, we see them already married sitting, working together on State papers, the Prince Consort, grave and full of enthusiasm for his new responsibilities, helping the young queen with sage advice. The Crimea war is about to break. Lord Palmerston has taken steps without consulting his royal mistress. Furious, she forces his resignation, much to the uneasiness of Prince Albert who gently chides her for her petulance and ill considered action. The mob blames the Prince Consort for Palmerston's disgrace and, gathering under the Palace windows, howls down "the foreigner."

Seven years later, the Prince lies dying at Windsor. The heart broken queen watches and prays at his bedside. It is a critical moment, not only in the royal bedchamber, but in the affairs of the country. The *Trent* incident threatens war with America, but nothing matters now—war, England, her splendid crown. Albert is dead!

When next we see her she is wearing the widow's weeds which, to the hour of her death, she never again laid aside. Ten years have passed. Gladstone and Disraeli are rival ministers in the public favor. The queen's well-known dislike for Gladstone is plainly indicated, as also is her admiration for the more spectacular Disraeli who promises that even greater glory awaits her as Empress of India. In the final tableau we see her at the Diamond Jubilee, acclaimed Empress by the representatives of her far flung dominions assembled to pay her homage. A lonely, diminutive figure, yet not without majesty, she thanks them all saying, "I've tried to be a good queen," and the final curtain falls on these simple, touching words.

The play is well acted, most of the famous personages being so admirably made-up as to appear uncannily life-like. Edward Fielding as the Duke of Wellington, George Farren as Gladstone and Clarence Derwent as Disraeli were so startlingly real that they seemed to have come back to earth just for the occasion.

Mr. Hornblow Specially Recommends:

LAUGH, CLOWN, LAUGH—Absorbing drama of circus life splendidly acted by Lionel Barrymore and supporting cast. One of Belasco's finished productions.

QUEEN VICTORIA—Impressive and interesting play dealing with the events and personages of a great era. Admirably acted.

SANCHO PANZA—Highly diverting spectacular comedy in which that popular actor, Otis Skinner, is seen at his best.

THE CHANGELINGS—A brilliant cast of players in one of the most interesting and intellectual comedies which have graced Broadway in many seasons.

THE SWAN—Delightful romantic comedy, admirably acted by Eva Le Gallienne and associates. The safest bet in town.

The great surprise, however, among the men was the beautiful performance of Ullrich Haupt as the Prince Consort. Astonishingly like the prince in appearance and deportment, he played his lighter scenes with easy grace and distinction while in the more serious passages, particularly on his death bed, he showed an emotional restraint and fine dignity altogether admirable. A slight German accent only served to heighten the illusion and make the impersonation the more real. It is safe to predict that now Broadway has made the acquaintance of this fine romantic actor he will never be allowed again to leave it.

Beryl Mercer, who played the queen, has a face and figure very like that of Victoria—in her later years. On the whole, Miss Mercer gave a good performance—a sympathetic, intelligent impersonation. Where it was weakest involved the matter of age. To see, in the opening tableau, a woman of forty or more, with a squat, rotund figure, trying to convey the illusion that she is a slim girl of eighteen, bordered perilously on the grotesque. Only the artistry and evident sincerity of the actress saved the scene from disaster. This impression of incongruousness in the personal appearance of the chief protagonist was not removed until the later years in the play were reached. Another handicap was the actress' assumed, or natural, cockney accent. If Victoria had any accent at all it must have been a German one. Most certainly the Duke of Kent's daughter had high breeding and distinction of bearing, which somehow the actress, excellent as is her performance, does not quite succeed in conveying.

The play did not enjoy a long run. The subject was too limited in its appeal to make a popular success possible.

Eleanora Duse in Repertoire

The Lady from the Sea. Ghosts. Cosi Sia. Porta Chiusa. Produced at the Metropolitan Opera House and Century Theatre, opening October 29.

EVEN allowing for those who attended merely because it is the vogue, the marvellous outpouring at the shrine of Duse, erected first in the vast spaces of the Metropolitan Opera House and later at the Century Theatre, demonstrates in no uncertain fashion that in this city there is a tremendous public eager and anxious to pay tribute to consummate art.

The lesson that Duse primarily and most brilliantly teaches is that all dramatic art is based on, and formulated on, the principle of unceasing labor. Hers is not the triumph of an inspired moment; it is the result of an unremitting study of technique and its application. No one discerns the least semblance of the machinery of her methods, art conceals art and the results obtained are the epitome of realism, convincing and supreme.

The passage of time has naturally affected the Duse repertoire which has become more limited. Two-thirds of it is now given over to the delineation of maternity in its various phases, and in the every expression of mother love there is not a mood of the subtlest shade that she does not limn and sketch with the virtuosity of a maestro.

The Metropolitan Opera House was, of course, an impossible place for an art as delicate as hers, nor was Ellida in *The Lady from the Sea,* a happy selection. Mrs. Alving in *Ghosts* brought her powers, subduedly eloquent, into more wonderful relief. The third offering, *Cosi Sia,* in its simplicity something akin to an old Mystery play, provided the actress with a rôle that shows the variety of her mental and plastic resources at their supremacy. The witchery of her appeal to the Madonna, her solicitude as the child hung between life and death and her perfect devotion to its every need, the heartfelt sincerity of her religious vow and the ecstasy of her joy at "the miracle," which brought the opening act to a conclusion, emphasized beyond contradiction her right to the title of dramatic queen. Especially beautiful was her acting in Act II, with the son who renounces her, and in the brief conclusion, where the woman, bereft of everything in life, drags her weary self to the shrine of the virgin and expires at its base, she was a wondrous picture of desolate woe.

The Closed Door, the fourth play in her repertory, written by Marco Praga, is another study of mother-love. In this case a guilty and soul-racked mother who is brought face to face with the realization that her son has discovered the dark secret of his illegitimate birth. It is not a great drama and suffers immeasurably by any comparison with the brooding intensity of *Ghosts.* Yet, such is the magic of Duse's spell, that she lifts the character of the mother out of its stagey and artificial text and makes her a beautiful and agonized symbol of passion and remorse.

Topics of 1923

Musical revue, music by Jean Schwartz and Alfred Goodman. Book by Harold Atteridge and Harry Wagstaff Gribble. Produced by the Messrs. Shubert at the Broadhurst Theatre, Nov. 20th, with these principals:

Delysia, Jack Pearl, Ben Bard, Herbert Corthell, Fay Marbe, Jay Gould, Helen Shipman, Delano Dell, Nat Nazzaro, Jr., Roy Cummings, Allan Prior, Frank Green, Barnett Parker, Harry McNaughton, Marie Stoddard, Martin Burton, Billie Shaw, Llora Hoffman, Paisley Noon, Helen Herendeen, Alexis Kosloff.

ALICE DELYSIA is back again in a review which out-dazzles any of her former ventures. It has been several seasons since the Shuberts imported this glittering figure from the French; she has always been expensively and lavishly mounted, but never before have they given her so elaborate and dashing a background as the curtain revealed on the opening night of the *Topics.*

Moreover, Delysia herself has gained much in poise and confidence since the night when she first stepped before the footlights of Broadway. Her English has improved and with it has come an ease and assurance which could only be described by whatever is the French for "pep." She throws herself into her scenes with the abandon of evident enjoyment and her comedy has gained immeasurably by increased familiarity with the American idea of a joke.

It must be said that this comedy thoroughly meets the requirements of the humor of Paris—the Paris "where all good Americans go when they die." Most of the jokes would be difficult to explain to your maiden aunt if you had been rash enough to invite her to this theatre-party. Your only defence is the familiar old line that "it sounds so different in French."

Once having disposed of the maiden aunt, however, you may settle down to a flaming and exciting spectacle. There is Delysia as Marie Antoinette, Delysia as Queen Elizabeth, Delysia in an Apache dance, Delysia surprised in her bath by a satyr. In the few intervals when she is off the stage, the action concerns itself with the usual burlesque of the season's plays including sly shafts at the Grand Guignol and *Oedipus.* A hectic Chinese episode has been transported bodily from this season's *Folies Bergère* in Paris. Incidental foolery is contributed by Herbert Corthell, Jack Pearl and other spontaneous commedians. For the most part, however, it is Delysia's show alone and tempestuous enough to make it a lively factor in the *Topics of* 1923.

Cyrano de Bergerac

Comedy in 5 acts by Edmond Rostand. English version by Brian Hooker. Revived by Walter Hampden at the National Theatre on Nov. 1, with this cast:

Cyrano de Bergerac Walter Hampden; Christian de Neuvillette, Charles Francis; Comte de Guiche, Paul Leyssac; Ragueneau, Cecil Yapp; Le Bret, Ernest Rowan; Carbon de Castel-Jadoux, H. E. Humphrey; Ligniere, William Santer; Vicomte de Valvert, Reynolds Evans; Montfleury, C. Norman Hammond; Bellerose, Antonio Salerno! Jodelet, Le Roi Operti; Guigy, William H. Stevens! Brissaile, Albert G. West; D'Artagnan, Louine Polan; Roxane, Carroll McComas.

IN his dual capacity as star and manager, Mr. Hampden selected *Cyrano de Bergerac* for his initial offering at the National Theatre. Since Mansfield produced it twenty-five years ago. Rostand's romance has peacefully slumbered. The scenic and accessory demands of this play are enormous. Mr. Hampden has met them and the result is a production of fine pictorial value.

The setting, from designs by Claude Bragdon, is substantially solid and outlined with beauty and distinction. The rich costumes breathe the spirit of Louis XIII. The stage management, particularly in its handling of crowds, is eloquent in the expression of individuality. It is quite reminiscent of the Irving *régime.* A fine intelligence marks the entire production and the acting throughout is at all times adequate and, in cases, brilliant. Cyrano the Gascon, braggart, poet soldier and lover, naturally appeals to an actor for its showy qualities. I don't say deep and human qualities, for I'm prepared to argue that Rostand's hero is essentially a hero of the footlights—a thing of noise, verse and tinsel, not a creature of heart, bone and tissue. It is a capital version from the original that Brian Hooker has made. The dialogue is nervous, trenchant, vivid and the verses rendered with nice poetical and practical judgment.

Mr. Hampden's rendering endears him deeper than ever in the estimation of his many admirers. His thoughtful, careful, finished and satisfying rendering of Cyrano calls for strong critical approval. His style is fluently picturesque, his diction clean cut, giving variety and illuminative character to the many and varying lines of his exacting rôle.

Christian and Roxane are illy balanced parts. Charles Francis is sincerely earnest as the lover incapable of true expression. Carroll McComas lacks distinction as the heroine. Her emotion was far more convincing than her comedy.

The histrionic gem was contributed by Cecil Yapp as Ragueneau, an impersonation of sweet kindliness, gentle insinuating humor and attractive vivacity.

Margaret Sones (*Violet Heming; on sofa centre*) finds pleasure in surrounding herself with degenerate friends, a fact which her husband bitterly resents.

Richard Sones (*Arthur Byron*) upbraids his wife for her thoughtless conduct and accuses her of having an affair with Ernest Steele.

During her husband's absence, Ernest Steele (*A. E. Mathews*) assures Margaret that of all the many women he has made love to, she is the most desirable.

Photos White, N. Y.

Despite her husband's protests, Margaret gives a dinner to her shady friends and, to avenge himself, her husband brings to the table Mona (*Estelle Winwood*) "a lady of the street," inviting the "honest" courtesan to sit down with courtesans not so honest.

THE NEW PLAY

"Spring Cleaning", Frederick Lonsdale's Smart Comedy on Degenerate Society

The Archbishop of Canterbury and the cabinet hurry to Kensington Palace before daybreak to inform the young Alexandrina Victoria that William IV is dead and that she is queen of England.

Victoria had no taste for a husband, but when she sees Prince Albert it's different.

The young queen finds her dear Prince Consort a wise advisor in affairs of State.

The Prince Consort's last illness. World affairs are most critical. War threatens. But Victoria pays no heed. Her beloved Albert is dying.

Gladstone comes to pay his respects to the widow of Windsor, but the Queen plainly shows her dislike of him.

More cheerfully she listens to Disraeli, who holds out a glittering bauble — the title of Empress of India.

The Diamond Jubilee. "I've tried to be a good queen."

THE NEW PLAY

"Queen Victoria" by the Equity Players, An Interesting Glimpse of a Great Era

White Cargo

A play in three acts by Leon Gordon in collaboration with A. E. Anson and Conway Wingfield, produced by Earl Carroll at the Greenwich Village Theatre on November 5th, with the following cast:

The Doctor, Conwy Wingfield; Witzel, A. E. Anson; Ashley, Frederick Roland; The Missionary, J. Malcolm Dunn; The Skipper, Curtis Karpe; The Engineer, Tracy Barrow; Longford, Richard Stevenson; Tondeleyo, Annette Margules.

ANOTHER *Rain* was inevitable. Here it is, *White Cargo*, "a vivid play of the primitive." This time the element is not rain, but sun, which just glares and glares and "rots everything!" This rotting process engages the drama, which is harrowing, gripping, nerve-wracking, unrelieved by a single element of humor. The acting of the play is admirable, sometimes inspired, with the exception of a miscast actress who plays Tondeleyo with unconvincing crudity. The characters are exacting and consistantly unpleasant.

The Englishmen stationed at a little native settlement in Africa are subjected to the dry-rot of the sun. They are uncongenial. Their individual mannerisms grate. They are lonely, bored, disintegrating. There is not a white woman within miles. But there is a beautiful black one, the property of any trader whom she, herself, fancies. She decidedly fancies Longford, an idealistic young newcomer, and makes a rather elemental play for him. This young man's losing fight with his ideals against his instincts and the degenerating effect of the African station life are made into an expert and absorbing drama, acted with special distinction by the two men who collaborated with Mr. Gordon in the construction of it.

White Cargo leaves a bad taste, but it makes a strong impression.

Sir John Martin-Harvey

Morality Play in two parts by Hugo von Hofmannstahl, produced by Sir John Martin-Harvey at the Century Theatre on November 12th, with the following cast:

Prologue, Harold Carton; Death, Harvey Braban; The Devil, Michael Mackenzie; Everyman, Martin-Harvey; Everyman's Mother, Marie Linden; Everyman's Comrade, Walter Pearce; A Cook, Muir Little; A Poor Neighbor, Eugene Wellesley; A Debtor, Gordon McLeod; A Debtor's Wife, Mary Gray; Everyman's Mistress, Miriam Lewes; Everman's Fat Cousin, Alfred Ibberson; Everyman's Thin Cousin, Eugene Wellesley; Servant to Everyman's Mother, George Thirlwell; Mamman, Leonard Daniels; Relief, Mary Gray; Good Deeds, N. de Silva (Lady Martin-Harvey).

FOR the second offering of his season at the Century, Sir John Martin-Harvey presented *Via Crucis,* a new metrical and spectacular version of the old-time morality *Everyman.* Those who remember its original production here by Ben Greet, with Edith Wynne Matthison in the title rôle or have seen it in subsequent revivals by Church organizations with its simple Elizabethan setting, will perhaps prefer that simplicity as better attuned to the naïve and ingenuous spirit of its mediaeval text than Sir John's rather pompous and showy fittings.

Everyman is at best a two hour sermon on the responsibility of human conduct. Try as you may to make it a play by the investment of scenic trappings, the effort is a desperate one, and the result is merely a succession of good pictures enhanced by the dignified religious background. The general production is imposing rather than impressive. The movement is colorful and picturesque; the groupings quaint and characteristic.

Sir John's impersonation of the carefree, irresponsible youth was unpleasantly effeminate and manneristic, but with the sense of death approaching, his impersonation took on the note of a dignified and effective tragedy. Harvey Braban was impressively authoritative and convincing as Death, and Marie Linden gently persuasive as the mother, while Alfred Ibberson's rendering of the fat cousin was unctuously buoyant and jolly. Walter Pearce acted well as the comrade and the sumptuous voluptuousness of the mistress dramatically denoted by Miriam Lewes. The pantomime and posing by Michael Mackenzie was quite distinguished.

For his final week, Sir John presented *Hamlet* and not for years have we seen a production so generally satisfying and adequate. Pictorially it was beautiful in its succession of scenes so splendidly attuned in color and lighting to the mood and spirit of the tragedy. The skilful use of hangings made for swift changes of scene and by such saving in time it was possible to give a much fuller version of the text. The barbaric splendor of the costumes and appointments lent to the composition of some striking pictures, and the company, with few exceptions, proved brilliant in the varying characterizations. For all of which Sir John must receive the credit as it was under his personal supervision that the entire production was made.

It is accepted as a truisim that no player ever actually fails as Hamlet. From this be it said Sir John is neither the best nor the worst Prince of Denmark who ever wore sables. He was always dignifiedly regal and picturesque in pose and in the main particulars did not deviate from the generally accepted rendering of the part. Some of his new business was apt and effective; some missed its point as where after stabbing the king he forced Claudius to drain the "poisoned chalice." But why should the visiting players enact the Gongazo tragedy with their backs to the royal pair? The rendering was somewhat uneven. Awe was lacking in the scene with the ghost and the interview with his mother hardly measured up to the lines. "I must be cruel only to be kind." The soliloquy, "Oh, what a rogue and peasant slave am I," was nobly rendered and the churchyard scene enacted with fine frenzy of feeling.

Harvey Braban was a bold, virile king and Eugene Wellesley a spirited Laertes.

Moscow Art Theatre

ONCE more that remarkable *ensemble* organization, the Moscow Art Theatre troupe, is with us, giving exhibitions of its virtuosity at the Jolson Theatre. No one has been more lavish in praise of these admirable artistes than the present writer, but in the Russian players' revival of *The Mistress of the Inn,* the opening bill of the return engagement, it seemed to me that there was a maximum of Muscovite energy and a modicum of art with a big A. It is all very well to be enthusiastic about talented foreign artistes, but, to be helpful, enthusiasm should be tempered by critical discrimination.

Goldoni's comedy, one of his best,—he wrote nearly three hundred—was composed nearly 175 years ago, yet it has distinct technique and the psychology of its heroine is as truthfully applicable to the coquette of today as it was to the accomplished flirts of the 18th century. It is something more than rollicking farce, this *Mistress of the Inn* which Duse enacted here some thirty years ago under the original title *La Locandière.* Duse played Mirandolina, a comedy creation. Olga Pizhova acts it in a broad farcical spirit, bustling with animation much of which seemed forced.

Stanislavsky as the brusque cavalier who, in spite of his noisy protestations, yields to the influence of a woman's wiles, was soundly amusing, and the two servants were capitally played by Akim Tamiroff and Boris Dobronravoff. But the gem of the evening was contributed by Georgi Burdzhaloff as the marquis, a really exquisite personification of high comedy values.

Spring Cleaning

Comedy in three acts by Frederick Lonsdale, produced by the Selwyns at the Eltinge Theatre, November 9th, with the following cast:

Walters, Lewis Broughton; Margaret Sones, Violet Heming; Ernest Steele, A. E. Mathews; Fay Collen, Blythe Daly; Lady Jane Walton, Pauline Whitson; Archie Wells, Gordon Ash; Bobbie Williams, Robert Noble; Billy Sommers, C. Haviland Chappelle; Connie Gillies, Maxine McDonald; Richard Sones, Arthur Byron; Mona, Estelle Winwood.

TECHNICALLY, *Spring Cleaning* is far superior to Mr. Lonsdale's *Aren't We All.* It is super-sophisticated and insinuating. It deals with a phase of degenerate society and for this reason cannot be recommended as desirable fare for the *jeune fille* or even those of her elders who wish to preserve unsullied the illusions of life. Nasty is only a mild word to apply to some of its characters.

A novelist, finding his charming wife drifting away from him into the demoralizing society of a set which tolerates feminine men and masculine women, uses the only means he can devise to arouse her to her danger. He brings to a dinner, at which his wife is hostess, a woman of the streets. With a flourish he presents her as an honest prostitute to the other women guests whom he insults as dishonest ones. This insolence has the desired effect. The party is broken up violently. "I have never heard," says the novelist husband, affecting surprise, "of an amateur billiard player refusing to meet a professional."

The dialogue is as bright as any heard on Broadway in many seasons—and as daring. It is distinctly a "comedy" of the times. It's original title, *But for the Grace of God,* suggesting the thought any woman might be a professional prostitute but for protecting circumstances, was more impressive and more fitting than the present mis-leading Winchell Smith-y one.

The always expert Estelle Winwood scores one of the hits of her career in a human, moving bit, the slender rôle of an on-the-level London street-walker.

Violet Heming, as the foolish wife, inspires admiration and sympathy. She has been both bored and hurt. The combination of these indignities and the platitudinizing and attitudinizing of her husband invokes for her folly a tolerance more tender than moral.

(*Concluded on page* 58)

Charles Chaplin—Poet and Dramatist

The Master Comedian Discusses the Lyric Impulse of His Art

By B. F. WILSON

CHARLIE sat opposite me in the most uncomfortable chair of his luxurious suite at the Ritz. He had kept me waiting outside with the hatrack for about an hour. At intervals, Cono, his diplomatic and suave Japanese valet, would appear to say with a disarming smile that "Meester Chaplin—he be ready in a moment."

On the hatrack were three hats and a malacca cane. These hats describe the famous comedian definitely. One could see the Charlie of the shuffling feet and the baggy trousers in the black derby which hung somewhat forlornly from its peg; Charlie of poetic vision and silent dreams—hours spent in long walks alone away from people—under the slouch hat. And the *débonair,* charming, good-looking young man with blue eyes and unexpected grey hair at the temples who now sat opposite me belonged to the smart English felt hat which hung over the walking-stick.

A FRANK EGOIST

IF you passed him on the street you would never dream he was Charlie Chaplin. He might — and probably does—draw a second glance, (particularly from women,) as a perfectly-groomed young man about town. As you talk to him, the Y. M. A. T. disappears and in rapid succession you find yourself in the company of some half-dozen different beings.

He is a chameleon. He admits it. He is as egotistic as a child—but his egoism is winning and disarms you of criticism.

"What are you?" I asked after a few moments of serious conversation. "Clown, savant,—or," (thinking of the last stroke of his unknown genius. *The Woman of Paris,* which he wrote and directed), "dramatist?"

"I am—or at least I think I am,—a poet," he replied. "I don't write verse, but I try to put a lyrical quality into everything I do."

"I don't care what kind of a story I have. The main point of interest to me is the large, flowing design back of it. Like the pipes of an organ, there must be in my work a lyrical sweep which can be felt always behind the story as it unfolds. Big, elemental tones, vibrating through the simplest narrative. Do you understand? I honestly try to make these tones felt by all who come to see my work. Everything I do I see first as a whole. A huge canvas with the main design firmly drawn in—the big strokes that count like the *motif* in an opera— I never get away from the *motif* for a moment. Sometimes I subordinate this *motif,* but it must be felt every moment—it must be there."

He waved his hands in a characteristic gesture.

"Big words, aren't they?" he smiled. "We have to use such grand phrases in order to express such simple things. Life to me is a huge joke. No *double entendre,* —but, I mean that I consider the simple, everyday phases of ordinary human beings the important stories for the screen. I think that is the fundamental reason for my success. Human sorrows and human joys—and above all, human reactions to these sorrows and joys must logically have a wide appeal, and I never stray from this knowledge. In my work I stick to the truth, and no man can say of any incident I have portrayed that it is unnatural—and untrue to life."

G. Maillard Kesslere

CHARLES SPENCER CHAPLIN

Who says, "I am a fatalist. Often when I am hardest at work a sense of utter futility comes over me. I make my characters the pawns of Fate because I believe them to be so."

Thinking of the custard pie, the playful punch, the well-aimed kick, "You have been accused of being vulgar," I interrupted. "To a certain group of so-called 'high-brows,' you are the exponent of the art of vulgarity and the very mention of your name causes a shudder to pass over their delicate skin. Of course, I must admit that this group is rather small—but you know that you have been considered as crossing the pale borderline in your pictures yourself. Isn't that true?"

The expressive features took on the appearance of an imp. The eyes lost their dreamy beauty and became the twinkling orbs of a mischievous street urchin. Yet his face remained serious.

"That is true—but what is vulgarity?" he demanded. "Certain idiotic and silly conventions which have sprung up God knows where and how—and which people, that is to say, *some* people profess to be shocked at. There is nothing that makes me so mad as this false pride of the present generation. It is utter hypocrisy to begin with. Why can't we face facts and admit that we are all human beings? In the days of Shakespeare things were considered good form which today would put a man in jail. If I disclose the real side of humanity and everyone knows that this side exists —then am I being vulgar? You might easily accuse the greatest writers in the world of the same thing. Shakespeare might easily be termed a vulgarian by this same group—but would any man of intellect consider him so? I do not exaggerate human foibles and customs —I make them real and there are still a few people left in the world who don't know they are alive."

PAWNS OF FATE

YOU know, I don't think we have anything to say about what we will and won't do. I am a fatalist. Often in the midst of a picture when I am hardest at work, a sense of utter futility comes over me and I disappear from the studio for days—get away from people. Pull myself together and then come back to work. But this is what I put into my stories also. I make my characters the pawns of Fate because I believe them to be so. I cannot think of men and women as grand individuals—none of us really amount to a damn—but even as I try to do the best I can with what the gods send my way, so do the figures of my stories. They don't commit great deeds of heroism because to do so is the exception rather than the rule. They are not people out of a story book—they are real men and women, and if I am satisfied at the end of a picture that others will see them as such, then I am content. Otherwise I feel that I have failed."

"We heard that you were a Shakespearean scholar—also that you had a gnawing desire to play *Hamlet.* Is that true?"

"No," he replied. "I love Shakespeare, of course, but I am not a Shakespearean scholar. I adore the old Greek tragedies and Euripedes is one of my favorite authors. I have read *The Trojan Women* so often that I know it by heart. I never read fiction—I don't know what modern fiction is at all. I read a great deal but almost all of my reading consists of biographies, memoirs and the old classics.

(*Continued on page* 50)

Amelia Bingham at the age of five.

In *Hearts Are Trumps* at the Garden Theatre.

In *The Climbers*—1900.

(*Below*) As *The Frisky Mrs. Johnson.*

(*Below*) In *Olympe.*

(*Oval*) *School for Husbands* in vaudeville. (*Below*) *As Joan of Arc.*

(*Lower center*) As Lady Kitty in *The Circle*—1923. (*Below*) In *Mamma's Affair*—1920.

BIOGRAPHICAL PAGE—No. 16 AMELIA BINGHAM

Amelia Bingham was born in Ohio and educated at the Wesleyan University. Her first stage appearance was with McKee Rankin and she was first seen in New York at the People's Theatre in *The Struggle for Life.* The first big rôles were Mrs. Trigg in *Captain Impudence,* Marion in *The White Heather,* Lady Maggie in *The Pink Dominoes,* Madeline in *On and Off,* Josepha in *At the White Horse Tavern,* Stella in *His Excellency the Governor,* and Winifred Crosby in *Hearts Are Trumps.* In 1900 she took over the management of the old Bijou Theatre and produced *The Climbers* by Clyde Fitch. Recent appearances have been in *The Man Who Stayed at Home, Out There, The Dislocated Honeymoon, At* 9:45, *Mamma's Affair, A Dangerous Maid,* and *The Circle.* (Motif by Lyman Brown)

The World's Premier Theatre

Volksbuhne, of Berlin, Touches Heights of Artistry and Stage Production No Other Players Have Reached

By SHELDON CHENEY

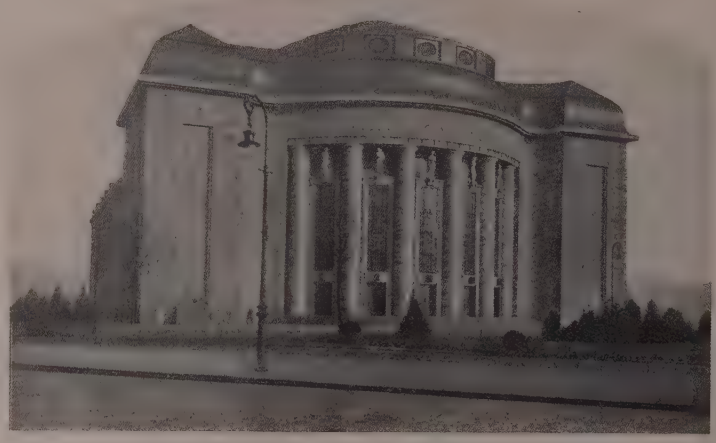
IT was five years ago that an American dramatic critic pushed his way across Siberia, arrived in Moscow while rifle bullets were whistling past the railroad station, but stayed to brave the Terror for a full six months in order to see the Russian theatres at first hand. I like to think of that sort of curiosity as one of the qualities that will make the American theatre, a decade or two hence, the most vigorous and the most progressive in any country—for I am fully convinced that the future lies on this side of the Atlantic.

But this same critic came back from Russia and wrote, in 1919, an article called *The World's First Theatre*, and showed pretty conclusively that the Moscow Art Theatre merited that title: a model in organization, uncompromising in ideals, and unchallenged in the smooth achievement of its producing machine. Certainly no other American critic was prepared to dispute the verdict, and Stanislavsky's inspired group is likely to go down in all histories as having touched the culminating point in dramatic realism.

DEPARTS FROM REALISM

IN five years, however, the world has changed profoundly, and some of us who have crossed to study the theatres of Europe recently have felt that perhaps the most interesting—or the *livest*—stage in the world is no longer to be found in Russia, or wherever it is that the Russian artists happen to be at the moment. We have happily seen Stanislavsky and his company here in America, and with that evidence before us it would be less than generous and less than truthful to suggest that any acting group in the world can do so well the particularized thing they have chosen to do. It is not that anyone can question the excellence of the Russian performance of such plays of a generation ago as *The Three Sisters* or *The Cherry Orchard* or the virtuosity of the individual actors in their superbly realized "bits." It is that youth will be served, that a young art movement has developed which is leading the world's ablest artists and keenest thinkers away from the ideals on which Stanislavsky's success was founded—away from realism; but chiefly it is that a new theatre has pushed forward into world prominence by virtue of an organization peculiarly of the times, and productions that are perhaps the finest yet achieved in the direction of a new and distinctively modern form of drama.

The theatre is the Volksbühne in Berlin. Its fame began to go abroad as far back as ten years ago, when travelling critics brought word to England and America of a producing project actually owned by its audience, a truly co-operative stage venture.



Exterior of the Volksbuhne Theatre, Berlin. The lettering over the facade reads: "Die Kunst dem Volke" (The art of the people).

A few years later a new wave of interest was started with the news that the Volksbühne was building (and that in war times) perhaps the finest theatre yet planned in accordance with the demands of modern stage art. And now, within the year or two just passed, this People's Stage has leapt into first place among progressive producing groups by adding to its classic and realistic repertories a series of the most modern plays, presenting them with a spirit and directness that measurably widen the confines of stage art.

Mary Dietrich and Josef Bunzl in the "cage" scene in *Masse Mensch*—a violent study of communistic revolt, seen at the Volksbuhne Theatre, and shortly to be produced here by the Theatre Guild.

Even these three points, group ownership, model building and equipment, and the most progressive play choice and method of production, might not warrant calling the institution the world's first theatre, were it not for a certain consistency, for the interlocking nature of the three directions of advance, social, architectural and dramatic. Its chief merit, perhaps, is that it speaks consistently, comprehensively, of *today*—of the today that is firmly grounded in history and yet always facing tomorrow.

Almost as soon as one comes within sight of the massive building, facing the end of a narrow street, one can read the word "Volksbühne" high up on the stage structure, and lower, on the main facade, "Die Kunst dem Volke"—"The Art of the People." As one pauses in the little park before the building, one notes anew the massive, almost heavy, feeling of the architecture, a feeling that seems distinctly apropos in a people's theatre. There is, indeed, a new sort of nobility here, a mass note, and yet a solidity and restraint that have not lost contact with older cultures. And that is a thing that characterizes everything about this institution, through the interior architecture and down to the productions that range from the classics of Sophocles and Shakespeare to the latest communistic play of the at-present-in-jail Ernst Toller.

THE LAST WORD IN EQUIPMENT

THE building, designed by Oskar Kaufmann and freely decorated with sculptures by Franz Metzner, "radicals" both, is one of the most interesting of all examples of "the new architecture"—admirable to those who enjoy modernist art, and I imagine quite repellent to the mind that has never got beyond a taste for Greek temples and Gothic spires. The interior includes a lobby and a promenade of extraordinarily simple and tasteful qualities, and a plain but atmospheric auditorium. It is in the stage and workshop regions, however, that an American's envy rises to its intensest. A revolving stage so large that you could place two or three of our American stages on it bodily, a true all-enveloping plaster dome, and every sort of mechanical and lighting convenience that modern theatre

(*Continued on page* 54)

Cyrano (Walter Hampden) to Roxane (Carrol McComas): "I ask this—when the great cold gathers around my bones that you may give a double meaning to your widow's weeds—"

THE DEATH OF CYRANO DE BERGERAC, A CAMERA PAINTING BY MAURICE GOLDBERG

What's Your Opinion of This Play?

Stagg THE WOMAN (*Nazimova*): "You're hiding some other woman behind my skirts."

The Unknown Lady

A Play in One Act by George Middleton

IN this play the author has exposed the "frame-up evidence" machine which operates in New York State divorce suits, where decrees are granted on only one ground, infidelity. The play was produced by Nazimova in vaudeville this season. E. F. Albee, head of the Keith interests, ordered it withdrawn. It was said that Father John Kelly, chaplain of the Catholic Writers' Guild, advised this move, pronouncing the play a menace to public morals. Judge Ben Lindsey endorsed it, saying, "What the people of this country need is the truth about their own hypocrisies." The play, showing how a crime must be committed by two citizens before the law will allow them to separate, follows in full. *Copyright,* 1923; *George Middleton.*

THE CAST

(*As presented by Madame Nazimova at the Palace Theatre*)

Scene—A room at the Hotel St. Matthew, New York City, at night.

A Woman	Nazimova
A Married Man	Herbert Heyes
A Hallboy	Robert Fellows
A Detective	Jack Carlyle

THE curtain rises on a dark stage, save for a hall light coming in the transom, over the door at centre. A key is heard being placed in the lock and the door opens. A hallboy, about twenty-three in a nondescript uniform, enters. The Woman comes in and The Man slowly follows. The Boy crosses and switches on the light, disclosing a bedroom. There is a window on the left. The walls are a violent red and yellow, shaded so as not to be too offensive to the eye. A table and a couple of chairs, one an old rocker, stand near the center. A bed, made up, is back along the wall. A commode-chiffonière, with basin and pitcher is in the corner, a tall jar, half concealed, back of it. A push-button and switch are near the door, which, when it opens, has the figure "7" printed on it.

The Woman is about thirty, with rather a hard face and not unkindly eyes. She wears an old coat over a waist and skirt of different colors; her hat is large and a faded willow plume scrawls over it. She has an umbrella and the inevitable small handbag.

The Man is older and his clothes denote apparent distinction. He wears an overcoat with a fur collar. In his hand there is also a dripping umbrella.

As The Woman enters she notices the number on the door, which stands open.

THE WOMAN: Number Seven, eh? Lucky number. (*The Man has followed her in and eyes the place with a quick sense of disgust. He stands there ill at ease and hesitating. But to The Woman it's an old story. In a business-like fashion she crosses to the window.*) Fire escape?

BOY: Sure, what'd you think it was—a roof garden?

WOMAN: None of your lip. I always look. These hotels ain't made of asbestos. (*She sticks her dripping umbrella in the tall jar.*)

GEORGE MIDDLETON
Author of *The Unknown Lady.*

BOY: Too bad; I'll have it fixed.

WOMAN: Blow in a little fresh air. (*Pointing to a cigar tray*) And you might throw out those cigarette butts.

BOY: (*Leaving window open a little and throwing out butts*) Gee! some people's particular.

WOMAN: Ah, shut up! You could get a room at the Waldorf for what this costs.

BOY: What do you know of the Waldorf? (*Winking significantly to Man*) Say, boss; there's a guy in this hotel just loves to work.

MAN: (*Having stood lost in thought during this*) Eh? Oh, yes. (*To Woman*) What'll you have?

WOMAN: (*Who takes off her hat and raincoat during this*) Scotch—and leave out the icebergs.

MAN: Brandy and soda.

BOY: Shall I bring them right up?

WOMAN: Sure, you boob! Do you think we want them for breakfast? (*The boy goes out, slamming the door. She looks at the Man*) Give me your parasol. (*She takes it and puts it with the other*) What's the matter? This ain't a funeral, you know.

MAN: (*Trying to jerk himself out of his mood*) Of course not. Hardly pick you up on the street for that, eh?

WOMAN: Well, I don't know. We get some strange ones.—But push a little ha-ha into your face. It's raining out.

MAN: These are your hard-luck nights, eh?

WOMAN: Hard luck, nothing. These are our blue ribbon nights, if that's what you mean. Men are lonely when it's raining. Lonely or

The little blonde, second from the left, is a knockout with the boys from Buffalo.

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Speaking of art, the Higgins family is all for the Six Bounding Bensons.

THE BOXERS

The Exclusive in Their Mad Pursuit of Pleasure—Recorded by Helen Hokinson

drunk, it's all the same to us. Ain't you going to take off your overcoat? (*He takes it off*) Gee! You're a queer duck. What's the matter? You ain't nervous?

MAN: (*Smiling grimly*) No, I was just amused.

WOMAN: For Gawd's sake, gloomy eyes, hand me the laugh!

MAN: I thought how funny it was that *I* should be here with you.

WOMAN: Ah, that's an old joke. Can't you think of something original?

MAN: Yes; it *is* an old joke, I suppose?

WOMAN: Say, you need that highball *quick*.

MAN: (*Eying her curiously*) I wonder what brought you here!

WOMAN: Why, *you* did!

MAN: I mean how did you happen to get into this sort of thing.

WOMAN: Gawd, I'm sick of that question. Every man always wants to know that, and every man thinks I'm lying when I tell him.

MAN: But how did you fall into it?

WOMAN: Didn't fall—just lost my balance and slipped. (*In a sudden, raucous tone*) Suppose I asked you whether you was married?

MAN: (*Sharply*) I'd say, it's none of your business.

WOMAN: (*Flaring up*) Well, my business ain't none of yours, either. You're not paying me for my confidence.

MAN: (*Politely*) I beg your pardon. You're quite right.

WOMAN: (*Not understanding this tone*) Say, you're a real Fifth Avenue gent, ain't you? Ought to have known that by your finger nails.

MAN: (*With a forced smile*) I was trying to be cheerful.

WOMAN: Well, you're rotten on jokes. (*Without too much feeling*) As rotten as life.

MAN: Is life so rotten?

WOMAN: (*Bitterly*) Men are. (*Quickly, as she shivers comically*) Gee! I'm needing that highball myself. Don't look at me like that. You give me the woozies.

MAN: You seem a pretty good sort.

WOMAN: Well, I won't go through your pockets.

MAN: (*Hesitating*) I'm afraid I'm playing you rather a shabby trick.

WOMAN: Eh?

MAN: Oh, nothing. (*They sit in silence for some seconds. There is a short pause*)

WOMAN: Too bad we didn't bring along a pack of cards and play Euchre. (*A knock is heard on the door and she sees The Man start*) Say, what's the matter with you, anyway? Are you expecting somebody? That's only the drinks.

MAN: Oh, yes, the drinks.

WOMAN: (*Calling*) Come in, blue eyes. (*The Boy comes in with two drinks on a tray and puts them on table and stands waiting*)

BOY: (*Offering a card*) Sign for it? (*The Man starts to sign for it, but quickly recalls himself and takes a roll of bills from his pocket and throws one on the table for The Boy*) I ain't got no change.

WOMAN: (*Sarcastically*) Of course not, Jesse James.

MAN: Keep it all.

BOY: (*Pocketing it, looking at Woman*) Gee, you might think you was Cleopatra, the snake lady.

WOMAN: Well, run along and don't annoy the animals.

BOY: (*Goes to the door and turns, speaking to Man*) Anything else? (*Smiling*) Mr. Smith?

WOMAN: (*To Man*) Say, he's talking to you.

MAN: Nothing else.

BOY: (*Pointing to push-button*) Three bells and I'll bring the same. (*He goes out, closing the door and comes in immediately*) You left the key on the outside. (*He puts key on the inside of lock, and goes out, closing the door. The Woman goes over and locks it, and then glances at The Man who is seated at table, toying with the empty glass. She hums a bit as she goes over and pours out the drinks*)

WOMAN: Happy days!

MAN: The same here! (*The Woman takes part of hers, but The Man coughs over his. She takes up his glass*)

WOMAN: What did they give you? (*Smelling it*) Cooking brandy. I told you this was a

"It's only with the help of a woman like you that we can beat it."

punk place. Why didn't you come with me? Afraid I was going to pull some game on you?

MAN: Smoke?

WOMAN: Now or hereafter. (*The Man shoves a gold cigarette case over to her and she takes out a cigarette, holds it up and looks at it*) Gee, you've got your initials on it, eh? (*Trying to make it out*) J. K.— (*He reaches over quickly and takes it from her, crumpling it and throwing it on the floor; then takes cigarette case and puts it in his vest, after taking out a cigarette himself. She smiles*) You know, bo, I didn't think your name *was* Smith. (*She opens her bag and takes out a package of Fatima cigarettes*) Why don't you carry Fat Annies? They're safe. (*He has lighted his cigarette but does not offer her a match*) You haven't got your name on your matches, too?

MAN: (*Smiling*) Pardon me. (*He throws a beautiful gold matchbox on the table. She strikes a match and lights her cigarette, then inspects the matchbox*)

WOMAN: Gee! Some swell box! Wedding present?

MAN: (*Absently*) Yes. (*A bit startled*) How did you guess?

WOMAN: Oh, stray shot. But I knew you was a married man. You look as though you was doing something you shouldn't.

MAN: (*More interested*) How does that look?

WOMAN: Oh, sort of hesitating. You can always tell them the first time they wander from their own fireside. (*Smiling pointedly*) It *is* the first time, eh?

MAN: (*With a disgusted outburst*) Yes, and I hope to hell it's the last.

WOMAN: (*Angry*) Say, don't talk like that to me. I ain't your wife.

MAN: (*Contemptuously*) Sit down and finish your drink.

WOMAN: Well, put the soft pedal on the cussing stuff. I've had enough of it in my life. (*Raucously*) And I don't intend to take it from a stranger, even if you and me is married on the register downstairs.

MAN: (*Apparently talking merely to kill time, without any great interest in what she has to say*) You've had a lot of cussing, eh?

WOMAN: You bet I have, and not paid for it, either.

MAN: (*Disgusted*) Ah, you're keeping a fellow, eh?

WOMAN: No, the guy what gave me the black and blue medals was my husband. Gee, he was a rough one, and every time a man swears at me it brings him back, and I see red all over. So don't mind me when I hit back, if you're one of the rough kind yourself.

MAN: So you are married, too?

WOMAN: I was until he threw me out in the streets and I stayed there.

MAN: Well, why didn't you find something *honest* to do?

WOMAN: You're a nice one to be pulling that stuff on me. Isn't *this* honest? Honest? I tell you I work for every cent I get, walking and walking and walking up and down these streets. (*Raucously again*) Do you think I do this for pleasure? (*In a matter of fact tone*) It was this or scrubbing floors or standing all day selling ribbons. Yet even at that, I'm a damn sight happier than I was when I was respectable. (*Earnestly*) And I was respectable once. Don't forget that. I cooked and sewed and scrubbed and had a nice home for my husband to come back to. And he came home. Soused. And he beat me. Oh, I was respectable!

MAN: (*Looking at his watch*) Looking for sympathy, eh? Well, you didn't have to stand it.

WOMAN: Yes, I did, too. I didn't have a cent. And when you haven't got any coin, you've got to stand anything that's handed to you.

MAN: You could have gone to the courts, couldn't you?

WOMAN: Ah, the courts can't make a woman happy. And he said if I'd have him hauled up, he'd skip the state. And I couldn't divorce him because I'd have to catch him with another woman first. And he had others: A woman can tell. But he was too clever to be caught, and I hadn't the coin to put "bulls" on his track and get the goods on him. So I stayed with him to earn my living.—Just like I'd go with *you*: to earn my living! Only I was respectable *then*. Gawd! I was respectable all right. (*There is a pause*) Then I went sweet on another feller who said he wanted to marry me. And when I fell for it, and didn't wait for the church bells, my husband caught me the very first time, and kicked me out.

MAN: You ought to be tickled to death your luck changed.

WOMAN: Yes, I most killed myself laughing. You see, when I was free to marry, the other

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guy didn't think I was *respectable* enough 'cause I'd gone with him before I'd worn his ring. I tell you, men are rotters.

MAN: (*Earnestly*) Not all of them. No—not all of them.

WOMAN: (*Eyeing him*) Say, there ain't no halo sprouting on your head. You're no sky pilot. Look at yourself, you poor boob. You're coming here with *me*, and maybe you've got a little namesake sewing your socks and wondering when papa will be home from business.

MAN: (*Rising and walking away, thoughtfully*) There *is* only one ground for divorce in New York State.

WOMAN: Yes, and *he* could beat me every day in the year, and that goody-goody law said I'd have to wear his name forever and ever, amen!

MAN: But when you went with another man once, your brute of a husband could divorce you. (*He bursts out laughing*) Isn't it a joke?

WOMAN: Well, I'm glad to see you laughing again, even if I'm the goat. I always like them to be merry. It's all a laugh, says I. And no good looking back on this life stuff. (*She takes the rest of the drink with one gulp. Then she goes and closes the window and comes down. It is seen he wants to delay*)

MAN: I've got a proposition to put up to you.

WOMAN: Is this another of them funeral jokes?

MAN: I want to pay you for your *time*.

WOMAN: (*Looking at him closely*) Say, what is this?

MAN: I want you to sit here and *talk* with me. Would a hundred dollars be enough?

WOMAN: (*Staring incredulously*) A hundred dollars— for *talking?*

MAN: Just talking, like we have been.

WOMAN: (*Standing akimbo*) Say, are you crazy?

MAN: (*Taking out a hundred dollar bill and holding it up*) There it is, in one bill.

WOMAN: (*Smiling*) Gee! Ain't it pretty?!

MAN: (*Putting it back in his trousers pocket, as she starts to reach for it*) It's yours—in a half hour.

WOMAN: (*Not believing it*) Just for talking!

MAN: (*Significantly*) And keeping still.

WOMAN: Talking and keeping still. (*Shakes her head, then picks up the brandy glass quickly and smells it*) They must have doped that drink. (*There is a sound of voices in the hall, followed by sharp, imperative knocks on the door. They both jump up*)

WOMAN: (*Frightened*) My Gawd! We're pinched! I told you not to come to this joint.

MAN: (*Quickly*) Pull off your coat!

WOMAN: What the devil's the matter with you?

MAN: Do as I say, quick!

HE quickly pulls off his own coat, throwing it on the chair. All the time this is going on, the banging continues on the door and The Woman is shouting, "He's crazy all right!"

Finally the lock bursts and the door is flung open. Two detectives stand there. The Man has come down and throughout this assumes an indignant air. The Woman stands between him and the detectives, puzzled and frightened.

The detective who speaks is a robust, good-natured individual, about forty. The other detective is a grim, quiet looking person of indefinite age. Both have their overcoats on and throughout do not remove their hats.

DETECTIVE: Sorry to bother you.

MAN: What's the meaning of this?

DETECTIVE: I'm here to see and not to answer the catechism.

MAN: Who the devil are you?

DETECTIVE: Well, you might think I was a house-breaker, and I'm sorry I haven't my visiting cards with me. But if you ring up Bell's Private Detective Agency, you'll find out.

WOMAN: (*Frightened*) Bulls!!

DETECTIVE: (*To Woman*) Yes, dearie; only we like "Confidential Agents" better.

MAN: What are you doing here?

DETECTIVE: Well, I hate to interrupt a party. But I won't be keeping you long in the draught. (*To other detective*) Close the door. (*To Man*) My friend here saw you register downstairs as Mr. and Mrs. John Smith.

"You look as though you were doing something you shouldn't."

MAN: Well?

DETECTIVE: Why didn't you take a fancy one? There's three couples with that name in this hotel at present.

MAN: Then get out. You've got the wrong room.

DETECTIVE: No, I ain't. Had a specimen of your fist to compare with the register. (*To second detective*) Got that photo of the gent? (*Taking photograph as they both look at it together*) No doubt in your mind, eh? (*Second detective nods*) We've been trailing you, at your *wife's* request, for three days. And it's too bad you were in such a hurry, as we might have padded our expense account.

MAN: You detectives are a bunch of parasites!—

DETECTIVE: No use of fireworks! Save that till you get home. (*In a business-like fashion to second detective*) Take a look at the girl. (*To Woman*) Seems to me I've seen you before.

WOMAN: You never have, you big stiff. I've never been hauled up. (*She pounds the table*) Never! Never! Never!

DETECTIVE: Of course not, girlie. But don't break the bric-a-brac. I'm not here to get your finger prints. All I know is you ain't this gent's wife. (*To Man sarcastically*) She ain't, is she, Mr. Ki—.

MAN: (*Interrupting quickly*) There's no need of mentioning names.

DETECTIVE: Then you admit it? (*Man nods*) (*To other detective*) Get that, for a corroboration? (*Sarcastically*) He admits the lady *ain't* his wife. November 2nd.—(*Looking at his watch*) Ten thirty. Hotel St. Matthew. Room Seven. Take a peep at the room. Handwriting on register, his. We'll have to subpoena that autographed collection of great men. Clothes, half off. We'll call it "unknown lady"—to save you bother, girlie. Good night! Sorry to interrupt a party, but we have to get the goods on you. Guess this case is a cinch! Business is business. Bye-bye. (*Detectives go out, closing the door. The Man and The Woman hold this a moment, looking at each other, then The Man relaxes, with a relieved smile, starts to put on his coat and vest*)

MAN: Thank God, that's over! (*The Woman sees this; she gazes at him incredulously*)

WOMAN: That's why you made me come to this joint?

MAN: Yes.

WOMAN: It's a "frame-up." You knew they was coming?

MAN: Yes.

WOMAN: (*Rushing at him indignantly*) You dirty pup!! (*Raucously*) Ain't I entitled to some respect?

MAN: (*Casually*) You're entitled to a hundred dollars.

WOMAN: You offered that for talking and keeping still. I've talked all right, but I ain't going to keep still.

MAN: Oh, yes, you are.

WOMAN: (*Coming nearer*) Do you think 'cause I'm after all the coin I can get, that I ain't got no self-respect?

MAN: What do you want?

WOMAN: Common justice!!! (*He laughs*) Oh, you can laugh. You, with your fine matchbox and diamond rings. But a few words from *me* could upset this nice little game. I tell you, I'm insulted. You've been using me and I won't stand for it. Gawd! It gets my goat the way we're treated! As though we were lumps of dirt. I'm on to you. You're hiding some *other* woman behind my skirts. *I'm* going to be the one that gets you a divorce, when it's her—her, your wife should be showing up in court!

MAN: You don't know what you're talking about.

WOMAN: Oh, yes, I do. It's done every day. Your wife's one of those good mushy women, but she caught you, and in order to save your lady love's reputation, she's agreed to make a dummy out of me. (*Pounding table*) But I tell you, I won't help any other woman out. If your lady love fell for the likes of you, she can go through with it. I ain't no charity worker. (*She goes to put her coat on. The Man crosses*)

MAN: Shut up! They'll hear you.

WOMAN: You bet they will, before I'm through.

MAN: I paid you for your time.

WOMAN: No, you haven't. You've got the money in your pants.

(*Continued on page* 48)

Albin

VIVIENNE OSBORNE

The temperamental Climene in *Scaramouche*, is a western girl who appeared last season in *The Love Child*.

Goldberg

JOSEPHINE DRAKE

Who scored heavily with the keen wit and finished comedy she contributes to *Nobody's Business*, was last seen in New York in *Lilies of the Field*.

Monroe

GRACE MOORE

Whose voice and charm are the chief attractions of the *Music Box Review*. A Tennessee girl, last seen in *Just a Minute*.

White

HALLIWELL HOBBES

Who plays the delightful Father Hyacinth in *The Swan*, is an English actor of repute.

Raymor

LUELLA GEAR

Now of *Poppy*, late of *Elsie*, has added new depth to the impression she had made as a singing comedienne by the individuality of her methods.

© Kesslere

ALEXANDER GREY

Baritone, whose success as the leading singer of the *Ziegfeld Follies* has definitely weaned him from the business world.

Goldberg

FLORENCE RITTENHOUSE

Whose interpretation of the highly dramatic rôle of Lize Burns in *The Shame Woman* has placed her in the front rank of our emotional actresses.

CURTAIN CALLS:

Players Who Have Scored Conspicuous Hits in Current Productions

C · I · N · E · M · A

The Movies and the Harmonies—Enter Dorothy Mackaill—Hale Hamilton Grows Up

By ALISON SMITH

A FAT man threw a pie at the cross-eyed waiter who dodged it and tore down a shelf piled with dishes. This upset the stove, which fell upon a convenient pile of dynamite; there was a glorious explosion and the film ended in a cloud of smoke.

Rapturous applause from the audience which had been waiting in breathless silence for the big scene.

A moment later, the orchestra slipped into the first bars of *Death and Transfiguration*. And this same audience sat through the subtle intricacies of Richard Strauss in the same eager silence and with the same delighted outburst at the close.

There is nothing new in all this. It has been going on for years in the big movie houses that dot the entire country. You learn to take it for granted if you follow the films for a while. It is only after a few months absence that it flashes upon you as a most extraordinary factor in our somewhat chaotic ideas of national entertainment.

As far as we know, this combination of the best music and the worst movies is peculiar to the programmes of our own picture houses alone.

BEST MUSIC WITH WORST MOVIES

MUSIC belongs to Italy, but it would never occur to an Italian to go to a moving picture theatre to find it. In Paris you hear *Ta Bouche* instead of Debussy at the huge Gaumont Theatre and the London houses combine their pictures with music-hall turns. Even in Germany, with music in the very air you breathe, we are told that Wagner and Beethoven stop at the movie door.

But, over here, in the most democratic form of entertainment, the most advanced music has been fed to the movie audiences until they have learned to understand and demand it. And, as we remember movie history, it is due chiefly to the efforts of one man.

When Samuel Rothafel first undertook his elaborate picture programmes, the films were accompanied by one weary piano. It ground out *In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree* over and over again with conscientious and maddening persistence. Mr. Rothafel was not a musician. In fact, his first experiment with the higher arts was made in a barroom which he fitted up with chairs borrowed from the undertaker next door. But he loved music and with the sure instinct of the born showman, he assumed that the hundreds flocking into the picture houses could be drawn by the same appeal.

So he conceived the idea of scoring the pictures with the *leit-motif* of an opera; an experiment which was immediately imitated by all the larger movie theatres.

Some of the first score were startling in their zeal for the appropriate. We remember a war-film through which the German spy leaped from crag to crag with the marines in hot pursuit and with the orchestra playing *The Flying Dutchman*. Through this period, the orchestra also often did its bit by counterpointing *Dixie* and *Die Wacht am Rhein* with the Southern air emerging victorious at the finish. But those were other times and other manners; there are now experts on the job with a sure and definite feeling for every scene. As a result, the silent drama is often easier to listen to than to look at.

MAYTIME

A young man's fancy playing true to form in the screen version of this musical comedy.

If a movie audience can be persuaded to prefer good music to bad, it seems not unreasonable to suppose that they might even enjoy an intelligent film. We leave this suggestion with the other problems of the harrassed producer. Meanwhile, the phenomenon stands—a laconic comment, on the billboards:

TONIGHT! *Should a Widow Tell?* (With the Grail Music from *Parsifal*.)

We were drawn to these reminiscences through a consideration of *The Fighting Blade* which remains in our memory with distinctly agreeable overtones. On reflection, however, it develops that most of this pleasure came from the jolly English airs which the orchestra played. The film belongs to the group briefly classed as "costume films": the costumes are of the days of Cromwell with Richard Barthelmess fighting his way through every inch of action.

Mr. Barthelmess is as sturdy and as heroic as any romantic reader might demand, but the rôle lacks the sincerity which he has brought to his simpler productions. We have perfect faith in his ability to make a genuine figure out of any period, but this gallant soldier seems to have been strung on wires.

So that all we have to cherish in this picture is as we have said, the music, and Dorothy Mackaill. This young actress (recruited from that happy-hunting-ground, the *Follies*) has quietly slipped into the movie foreground as the most promising of the younger screen set. She has humor and imagination and a certain deft trick of making the most impossible marionette somehow human and alive. In *The Fighting Blade* she was the only figure who was actually following out her destiny instead of playing a pretty part in the elaborate costumes of those troublous times.

HIS CHILDREN'S CHILDREN

ARTHUR TRAIN had his fling at the younger generation and his expose of flappers and philosophers has been caught in an uncommonly frank and faithful picture. It is a tale of another good family gone wrong and is dominated by the figure of the old grandfather, who built up, at bitter cost, the fortune which his children's children gayly cast to the four winds. George Fawcett played this stern rock of another generation with real pathos and sincerity. (His moral effect was greatly increased by the fact that he was made up exactly like Ibsen!) / Dorothy Mackaill again stands out in the rôle of a neurotic débutante, and Hale Hamilton gives the best picture of the tired business man we have yet encountered on the screen. He is usually either burlesqued or sentimentalized.

For years we have watched Mr. Hamilton in his eternal juvenile rôles, growing each year a little dog-eared, a little smudged with maturity. Now that he has caught so perfectly the middle-aged, fat-headed, pathetic financier we hope he never returns to his rôle of bouncing college lad who doesn't bounce as vigorously as he used to. We nominate him with enthusiasm for the rôle of George B. Babbitt.

"YE HAVE SINNED A GREAT SIN" *Exodus XXXII*

Moses Invokes Jehovah's Wrath Against the Worshippers of the Golden Calf. Scene from "The Ten Commandments" Which Doré Might Have Dreamed

PURITAN PASSIONS is the first picture produced by "Film Guild" whose purposes have much in common with the Theatre Guild in New York. It is dedicated to that precious minority of moviegoers who would rather see a single shot of a peppertree tossing in the wind than eight superreels of *Why Women Lie to Their Husbands*. At present they are a meagre and hopeless group for the obvious reason that most of them simply refuse to go to the movies at all. It is toward these doubting Thomases that this new movement is directed in an effort to interest them in the genuinely artistic possibilities of the pictures.

Frank Tuttle has made a lovely and glamorous thing of *Puritan Passions*, which was adapted from Percy MacKaye's *The Scarecrow*. But why, in the name of all the seven arts, did he change the title? It is an ancient maxim in the movies that a title with "Passion," "Scarlet" or "Sin" clinging to it will attract to the most innocuous film, a large, salacious (and disappointed) audience. With all the sweetness and light surrounding the Film Guild, could this be a gesture toward the box-office? Apart from this, the venture is most promising.

There is much that is wistful and engaging about David Copperfield, but it is not Dickens; at least not the Dickens we know from Mr. Cruikshank. We even doubt that it ever saw London. We learned vaguely that it was "a foreign film" and we are inclined to attach it to the Swedes (When in doubt, suspect the Scandinavians!) In any case, it is a delightful piece of work done in sincerity and good taste, with a charming child playing the infant David and a droll Mr. Micawber and a girl who made Agnes Wakefield most human (which was even more than Dickens ever did.) But you fail to get the familiar feeling of opening one of the musty brown volumes in the Dickens "set" at home. It is rather, like hearing an enthusiastic foreigner translating his warm praise of *Boz* the great Victorian story-teller. It is gratifying but it has an accent.

RICHARD THE LION-HEARTED

OLD King Cole was a jolly old soul and so is Wallace Beery in this grandiose title rôle. In fact he greatly resembles the Mother Goose hero though, instead of calling for his fiddlers three, he is constantly bellowing for his sword and swaggering out to fight the Saracens. Mr. Beery is accustomed to playing the lowest and most lovable of villains; he seemed occasionally embarrassed at being cast in so heroic a rôle but he relieves his embarrassment by whacking off another head or chucking another maiden under the chin. Aside from the lion-hearted Beery, the film falls rather flat. It has an indifferent cast and incredibly artificial sets chewed out of canvas with a biscuit cutter. This with all of the widely advertised California scenery for a background!

After seeing the film, we were told that it was a screen version of *The Talisman*. We wonder if Sir Walter Scott would recognize it. Probably he would have been amused at the tale and vastly surprised if told that he had written it. It is a wise author these days that knows his own scenario.

THE ETERNAL CITY

Barbara La Marr, as Donna Roma, sculpts a likeness of her lover under the cynical eyes of Bruno.

THERE is enough snow in *Unseeing Eyes* to blind everyone in the cast, which may or may not account for the title. At any rate, it does blind the heroine whenever she ventures outside the door of a Canadian mountain cabin. This, moreover, is the least of her disasters; she falls over a precipice and flirts with death in an aeroplane and is threatened by the Hairy Ape in the person of Louis Wolheim. It is all very breathless and exciting. Seena Owen, as the hunted heroine, bears up wonderfully under her tribulations. Lionel Barrymore plays one of those strong, silent men who are always on hand to rescue the heroine but who are otherwise somewhat bored by the plot. The plot isn't half bad of its kind and it has been swiftly developed by E. H. Griffith. For all that, we liked the picture best when the landscape was swept clear of human beings and left with only the blue shadows of the snows.

THE BANKS OF THE WABASH

ROUND my Indiana homestead waves the cornfield—but unfortunately for the natives, there also waves fire and flood and all the variety of woes that lead up to a happy ending. Stuart Blackton has taken Paul Dresser's meandering, sentimental old song and used it as the music-cue for an old-fashioned hick melodrama. They are all there—the mean, thieving deacon, the sweet old mother, the son in the great city, the lamp in the window. The entire film might be one of those chromos used to advertise the song on the front of its sheet music covers.

WOMAN PROOF

GEORGE ADE and Thomas Meighan have worked out this amiable bit of nonsense on the text that the female of the species is more deadly than the male.

It is an idea that has occurred to many a story-teller before and since Kipling. We can't say that this genial pair of collaborators have treated it with any dazzling degree of originality. The womanproof young man is the victim of an eccentric will indicating that he must marry before a certain date or the entire fortune will be left to a home for friendless cats or the society for the prevention of cruelty to jumping beans, or some such worthy charity (the exact details elude us.) Needless to say, the cagey hero holds out until the last reel when he succumbs with a thud to an unexpected charmer in the person of Lila Lee. His capitulation is so near the deadline of the will's terms that the marriage is celebrated by radio from an ocean liner which gives an opportunity for a dashing finish in the tumult and shouting of ship-board.

Obviously this is an idea which has been worried to shreds by former scenario writers. Nevertheless, Mr. Ade's own subtitles are so refreshing that they add a certain fizz and sparkle to these dead waters. Mr. Meighan is his rollicking self and dodges the girls most convincingly. The picture has been directed with real dash and spirit. A decorative touch is added by the extremely ornamental Mary Astor.

AMONG OTHER THINGS

FOR sheer excitement and beauty of line, we have seen nothing like the slow motion pictures of Zev and Papyrus, released almost as soon as the race was over. Which reminds us that a comedy company is getting out a really hilarious burlesque on news reels. * * * Frank Norris' *McTeague* is to be released shortly under the title of *Greed*, which makes us tremble for the changes in this masterpiece. We are assured, however, that it has been developed "with relentless realism." * * * According to recent broadcastings, both Mary Pickford and Norma Talmadge are to film *Romeo and Juliet*. This recalls the race for production of Ethel Barrymore and Jane Cowl on the stage last season. Both the film stars are said to be in search of Romeos.

"THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH"
Charles Ray as John Alden "Speaks for himself" in the film from the famous romance.

ALICE TERRY
The lovely heroine of *Scaramouche*, a decorative contribution to this photodrama of the Revolution.

"ANNA CHRISTIE"
In the person of Blanche Sweet defies "That Devil, Sea" on the screen.

"BEAU BRUMMEL"
The celebrated "Glass of Fashion" held up to the screen by John Barrymore.

"THE AGE OF INNOCENCE"
Corinne Griffith in her first youth before rejuvenation in *Black Oxen*.

Monroe

AGNES AYRES
Captured in an Oriental mood like the translation of a Chinese sonnet.

THE BOOK-SHELF ON THE SCREEN

Rare Moments in the Movies in Which "The Play's the Thing"

V·A·U·D·E·V·I·L·L·E

Miss Loftus Returns—Another Importation—Mr. Carroll Goes to Work

Conducted By BLAND JOHANESON

Sketches by Maurice Maxeville

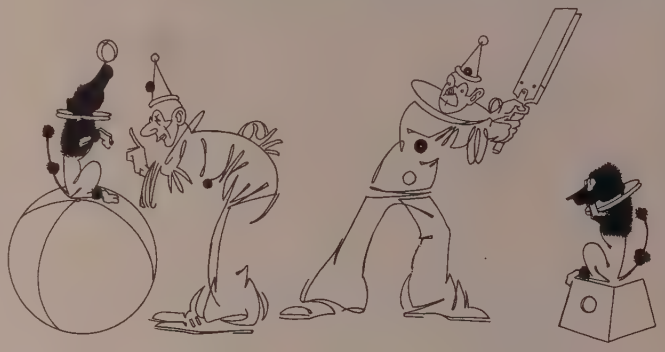
THE return of Cecilia Loftus has contributed to the perpetuation of sentiment in a hard-boiled age. Her reappearance in this country after an absence of ten years (and an hysterical advance-notice) was the cue for one of those emotional orgies so dear to Broadway, with the tear-ducts and the greenhouses working overtime. Despite the strained heart-interest in the Cissie Loftus come-back, it retained the dignity of artistic importance. Miss Loftus is a great artiste. Her gift of mimicry includes something of that intangible, awesome thing called genius. She can disembody the very voice of Irene Franklin and in her own throat hold it prisoner. With a pair of boots, an oil-skin and sou'wester, she can don the psychic aura of Minnie Maddern Fiske, and reproduce that personality so effectively her own plump figure suggests its physical attributes. She is less convincing among the less individual of her inspirations, Jeanne Eagels, for instance. But she is always artistic, sensitive, and delicate.

Whatever breaches of taste attended her performance they were not of her commission. The most deplorable of these was the kind but crude intrusion of Miss Nora Bayes into her act with a characteristically eccentric rendition of a Tin Pan Alley broken-heart ballad, *My Sweetie Went Away,* in which Miss Loftus uncomfortably joined her. A further misfortune was that the ladies made the "vamp till ready" preliminaries to this artistic slaughter the occasion for emplanting several smacking kisses upon each other's physiogonomies. Both these women have attained the age of dignity, if not discretion, and a public exhibition of their mutual tenderness destroys some of its beauty, and seriously detracts from the finished charm of Miss Loftus' performance. Such monkey-business is so typically vaudeville, and so distasteful, it seems a pity that it should have been permitted to mar an effect which might have won new converts to the vulgar theatre. Miss Loftus is capable of just that. To what higher stratum could her talents soar?

ANOTHER and proportionately diminished flourish and fanfare preceeded the importation of Wee Georgie Wood. Here is the crudest music hall buffoonery and the most distasteful hoke nobility. Mr. Wood is an undersized gentleman who essays boyhood, with harrowing results. A sketch straining for comedy is bad enough, but when he comes out in one with a bag of sugar lozenges and engages in the nefarious business of sucking and putting them back in the bag and passing them to the audience and orchestra director for the same dirty work, the stomach and the entertainment value rebel. Mr. Wood adds to this neatly diverting stunt some dulcorate song, and a recitation about *"Earthenware, All Earthenware!"* which, if Mr. Wood drinks, he might have written himself while so occupied. He is said to enjoy enormous popularity.

THIS month I sit down to a ten course banquet on the bitter words, repeatedly uttered, branding Harry Carroll a musical pirate and a lazy scamp, who wasted his life lying among the laurels of past song-hits and dissipated his talents in the pursuit of ease, rest and more ease.

Not only has Mr. Carroll gone to work, but so ennobling was its effect, that the erstwhile lyrical rogue turned moralist. He has produced a new review, sanguinely labelled *Everything Will Be All Right,* and where he once celebrated the petty vices which made Bacchus and Louis Quatorze gentlemen, he devotes ten minutes and a carload of special scenery to handing the palm to the simple life. Mr. Carroll's little lesson for little girls is the naïve exhibition of a toe-dancer spinning around the stage, pie-eyed, to the tune of *Three O'Clock in the Morning,* while Mr. Carrol tells the little rural punkins through his nose:



"You are sweeter by far,
Just the way that you are,
Than any Broadway butterfly!"

Having made this impressive example, the scene changes and the Incorrigible inquires artlessly: *Why Does She Keep Him After School?* This is more in the Carroll metier. There are other things as delightful, notably the opening of the act, and Ida Mae Chadwick, and a few personable baby-dolls; and things not so much so, the O'Neal Sisters, another one of those terrible close-harmony, sweet-kiddie combinations which infest the two-a-day. However, it would take more than this to spoil Harry Carroll's Review. It is above high average, and worth all the money Mr. Carroll probably will lose on it.

WHEN a legitimate actor constructs his own vaudeville sketch you may expect heroic fire-works. Jose Ruben thought of an elegant curtain for himself, Death with a baby-spot and the soft twanging of guitars, while his cruel gal rode into the open spaces with another man, all unknowing; and then he and Benjamin Glazer must have labored over a plot which could lead up to this inspiring finish. The result of their collaboration, called *The Greaser,* is as full of beauty and nobility as a movie-hero's soul. Mr. Ruben, having made his pleasant reputation in these Mexican melodramatics, probably knows the point of view of a sentimental bandit, which seems somewhat strange to the non-banditti. However, we are let into the secret of a bad man's love and moved by his tender End, while the thoughtless woman spurns him saying: "Love! Why you don't know what love is!" and mounts the pinto with a big blonde to ride back to God's country. Miss Georgia Lee Hall is required to utter this original thought, which she does convincingly, managing to play the almost ludicrously emotional sketch as though she really believed in it. Thanks to a finished restraint in the acting *The Greaser* is not such an awfully bad man—for vaudeville.

THE Roman Marionette Theatre which experienced an authentic flop as a production early in the season, fares no better in vaudeville. The puppets are cute and clever, but they certainly lack lure. This element may be dispensible to an audience of Martians or goldfish, but neither of these castes are enthusiastic supporters of vaudeville. The marionettes are amusing for five minutes, but like ladies, their charm wanes in proportion to the persistency of their efforts. These particular little curiosities are endurable as the aristocrats of their kind. The puppet-lovers may find them thrilling and diverting.

BETSY REES

An American girl who counterfeits a Russian, and contributes a refined charm, grace and beauty to the Imperial Russian Entertainers.

Donahue

Fielding

NONI

This delightful gentleman brings his peculiar personality and curious talents from Europe to our native vaudeville.

EVA MASCAGNO

A gifted and vivacious little member of Pat Rooney's tabloid operetta, whose skillful dancing is not the least of its attractions.

Apeda

Cornish and Baker

MARGARET SEVERN

One of the most expert and graceful of the dance classicists resumes her entertaining recitals in the two-a-day.

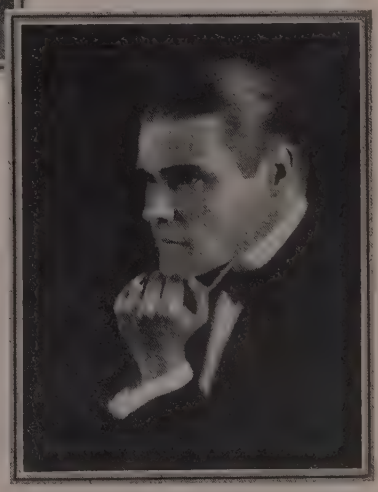
CECILIA LOFTUS

The inspired mimic and monologist has brought home her rare art after a long absence in England.

Muray

EMMET O'MARA

The distinguished tenor, whose beautiful voice and interesting program make a turn of quality and finish.



Nasib

HITS FROM THE HALLS

Vaudeville Artists Whose New Turns Have Scored Sensationally

M · U · S · I · C

Delightful Revival of "Die Meistersinger"—Bodansky Hails the German Soul

By ADRIAN PELHAM

MEMORY plays unexpected tricks, and the Metropolitan Opera Company's *Meistersinger* of 1923 is no memory, but a vital, throbbing fact. Yet the time will come when it, too, will be a memory; a memory as Toscanini's *Orfeo* and *Tristan,* as Caruso's Enzo and Canio, as Farrar's Elizabeth and Manon, are memories. When that time comes we will gaze back through the haze of years and the Sachs of Clarence Whitehill, the Eva of Florence Easton, the David of George Meader, the singing of Giulio Setti's chorus, and the conducting of Artur Bodansky, will come to us, no longer throbbing and vital, but steeped in a wistful melancholy, the melancholy of a beautiful thing which is no more. At least, that is what we now believe—unless memory plays a most unexpected trick—for most of us who were present at this season's revival of Wagner's comic masterpiece, felt that Signor Gatti-Casazza has during his whole fifteen years at the Metropolitan Opera House given us nothing more worthy of admiration.

THAIS PROVES RATHER A BORE

YET the season had opened with the wagging of heads and beards and lamentations over the "good old days." The opening opera was *Thais,* and *Thais* minus Mary Garden is like *Hamlet* minus the Dane. Now, Maria Jeritza is an admirable artist and the possessor of a singularly potent personality—but it is not altogether the personality for the Alexandrian courtesan — and the memory of Mary Garden would not down. Perhaps Jeritza simply proved that Paris and Vienna are not yet allied. Dare we whisper that the opening *Thais* was a good deal of a bore? However, it isn't well to take an opening opera too seriously, for the true commentator must be the society reporter, not the music critic.

Thais was followed by an excellent performance of *Aida* with new and typical Italian scenery, and in it Elizabeth Rethberg gave copiously of her lovely voice and art, while Giovanni Martinelli was a lusty Radames, and a new American soprano, Miss Phradie Wells, gave unseen pleasure as the hidden Priestess. In short, this year's *Aida* was quite in the Metropolitan tradition, minus, alas, Caruso and Amato, but we must take the goods the gods provide. After *Aida* came *Tosca* with Jeritza, now quite in her element, which during the *Vissi d'Arte* is the floor. Of course, Antonio Scotti was the Scarpia. Mr. Scotti, unlike Ponce de Leon, seems to have found the spring of eternal youth and to have quaffed large goblets of it. This is his twenty-fifth season at the Metropolitan, yet he chased Tosca about the room like a Casanova of twenty.

The excitement was added to by the début of a new tenor. A new tenor always sets the lobbies buzzing, for everyone is looking for a successor to the great tenors of the past. Three years ago the question was "Is Gigli or Chamlee the new Caruso?" The answer was, of course, that they were Gigli and Chamlee. The same answer was given as to Miguel Fleta. Mr. Fleta is a Spaniard of manly presence and the owner of a voice of true dramatic quality. It is a voice unlike any of his rivals, not as warm or rich as Gigli's or Chamlee's, but of greater power. His pianissimi are exquisite, yet he has no need to force his tones

EUGENE GOOSSENS

One of the leaders of the group of young English composers who hope to put Great Britain back into the position it occupied at the time of Purcell. Mr. Goossens recently came to America to direct the four first concerts of the Rochester Symphony

to thrill the house. In ten years he ought to be a really great dramatic tenor. Today he is wisely confining himself to lyric rôles. Two nights later Mr. Fleta made an equally favorable impression as the Duke in *Rigoletto* to a most charming Gilda of Queena Mario. This young American soprano, by the way, will bear watching. Her Juliette last year proved one of the most delightful revelations of the season!

All these performances, while admirable enough in themselves, will scarcely be remembered twenty years hence—for even Mme. Jeritza's floor lying evocation of her love and woes is only a brilliant *tour de force.* But the revival of *Die Meistersinger* was of a very different order. Artur Bodansky has since his arrival at the Metropolitan always conducted the Wagner music-dramas, but never until this year's *Meistersinger* has he been completely satisfying. An able musician, and possessed with a keen sense of the theatre, his readings have lacked in elemental passion, which at times, notably in *Tristan,* have touched the genius of the music with the heavy thumb of dullness. But in this year's *Meistersinger* he came into his own. His direction of the orchestra was masterful, clear, subtle in shading, beautifully articulated, and informed with that quality which a Latin, even though he be a Toscanini, seems powerless to attain—the evocation of the spirit of German folk humor.

WHITEHILL'S SACHS BEST SINCE FISCHER

THE Hans Sachs of Clarence Whitehill was, however, the high light of the performance, for it was the best impersonation of the cobbler New York has seen since the days of Emil Fischer. The writer once asked Victor Maurel whom he considered the finest artiste at the Metropolitan. The great barytone answered, "Angelo Bada." The answer was unexpected, but it was just. Mr. Bada is a tenor, with a makeshift voice which condemns him to minor parts, yet who makes each part a little masterpiece. To see Bada in any of his parts and then to see another singer is to realize his genius. Angelo Bada is a great artist whom fame has passed by. Had Maurel seen Whitehill's Sachs he would probably have coupled his name with Bada's—and despite the fact that Whitehill is famous and Bada practically unknown it would have been a compliment. Mr. Whitehill's Sachs was, in short, a worthy companion to his Wotan. It was distinguished in the right sense, genial, imaginative, noble in mind and bearing. The Metropolitan is to be congratulated, too, on the acquirement of a new David in George Meader, which obliterated even the regret at the loss of Albert Reiss, and with greater reservation on its new German tenor, Rudolf Laubenthal who was admirable except in the Prize Song, when the Teutonic devil of throatiness caught and all but slew him. Lovely, too, was the Eva of Florence Easton, while the Pogner of Paul Bender, and the Magdelene of Kathleen Howard are also deserving of warm praise. If Gustave Schutzendorf's Beckmesser had not descended to clownishness in the last act, it, too, would have been a portrait long to be remembered. But Beckmesser is, after all, a man, not a gargoyle. The handling of the crowds and the lighting was likewise masterly and the Berlin scenery, except for the backdrop of the last scene which was as mid-century as anything in last year's *Guglielmo Tell,* was good in a solid, conventional way.

One of the outstanding events in the concert world has been the performance by the Society of the Friends of Music of Hans

(*Continued on page* 50)

FRANCES PERALTA

Born in England, bred in America, once a light opera star, is here seen as Madelline in *Andrea Chenier*, a part she is to sing this season at the Metropolitan.

Dabkin

LOUISE HUNTER

As Martha. Miss Hunter is an Ohio girl barely out of her teens whose voice is said to be as lovely as her face.

Aykett

MIGUEL FLETA

The twenty-five year old Spanish tenor whose voice and art have been for the last three seasons the talk of Europe. Now New York has given its verdict.

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CLARENCE WHITEHILL

The well-known American baritone as Wolfram in *Tannhauser*, which he sings this season at the Metropolitan.

PHRADIE WELLS

Another newcomer to the Metropolitan. Miss Wells is a Missouri girl who sang dramatic soprano rôles with the Dippel Opera Company.

© Mishkin

MARION TELVA

A St. Louis girl who during the last two seasons has forged rapidly to the front at the Metropolitan as one of the few real contraltos now to be heard in opera.

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THE NATIONS GATHER AT THE MUSIC FEAST

A Page Which America, England, Spain, and Finland Have Each A Share in the Making

THE DANCER

A study by Maurice Goldberg suggesting the frank artlessness of joyful motion—Posed by Florence O'Denishawn of The Music Box Review

Theatre Magazine's Court of Appeal

THERE may be two sides to every story, but criticism usually fails to present the other side. Whether justly or unjustly, dramatists, actors and managers have been censured, praised and blamed in the public prints without themselves having access to those prints for the presentation of their cases or the offering of their excuses. THEATRE MAGAZINE *opens, in this issue, a theatrical Court of Appeal, placing this department, wherein they may answer the critics' charges and offer their defense, at the disposal of those criticised. We invite all professionals, with a grievance or an opinion, to express it in these columns.*

A Protest From Mr. Fiske

To the Editor of THEATRE MAGAZINE:

When Mr. Hornblow Went to the Play *Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary* and recorded his impressions in your November number, he interpolated sundry observations that are fair subject for comment and correction since they are outside the bounds of dramatic criticism and are in the form of direct statements that prove upon analysis to be contradicted by the facts. In the same issue The Lady With the Lorgnette in "Mirrors of Stageland," by a singular coincidence, repeats and amplifies Mr. Hornblow's assertions. It is far from my wish to imply that there was the slightest motive of intentional misrepresentation in these parallel mistakes, but they demand correction just the same, and I imagine your well-known courtesy will grant me a modicum of space for that purpose.

First, Mr. Hornblow. He says:

> "It was expected that when Mrs. Fiske came under the direction of Mr. Belasco there would be an end of the managerial blunders which of late years have kept this fine actress from occupying her true place in the sun.
>
> "It was inconceivable why this favorite comedienne should ever have been permitted to waste her time and talents on such rubbish as *The Dice of the Gods*.
>
> "It was also a safe bet that the bad mannerisms and defects of speech which perhaps unconsciously—because of the lack of someone in authority to point them out—Mrs. Fiske has allowed to mar the perfect artistry of her work, would be corrected. And so it has come to pass. In the St. John Ervine comedy, Belasco has found her a play which admirably suits her * * * personality, and what is more wonderful, all the old faults * * * which used to exasperate her warmest admirers, are so improved as to be now almost negligible."

Next, The Lady With the Lorgnette. She says:

> "And The Gov nor (Mr. Belasco) is saying to me in his hundred thousand dollar studio atop his theatre in New York: 'It is a very real joy to me to direct Mrs. Fiske. I expect a tremendous success. I have found a very good play for her.'
>
> "Mrs. Fiske had mannerisms * * * she had, too, an exasperatingly faulty enunciation. Would she, accounted the most cerebral actress in America, permit herself to be shorn of these hoary characteristics? Would she 'accept direction' from the greatest man in the theatre? Recalling the pitiable fortnight of her appearance in that nightmare, *The Dice of the Gods*, * * * we remembered that life humbles all of us and exclaimed with earnestness: 'She will. Of a certainty.' Our hope was doubled by the knowledge that the Wizard handles his talent as a potter his clay, gently, coaxingly, with subtle shaping. And the miracle has happened. The Belasco spell had not been cast in vain. When the actress appeared * * * the mannerisms that had clung burr-like to the skirt of her art throughout our recollection had almost completely disappeared."

So much for the imaginative exploits of your entertaining writers. Let us descend to unvarnished facts. In late years, Mrs. Fiske has been under the expert and experienced management of such men as Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger, George C. Tyler, Arthur Hopkins, Cohan and Harris and Sam B. Harris. The managerial blunders that Mr. Hornblow expected Mr. Belasco to bring to a happy end included productions of *Erstwhile Susan, Madame Sand, Mis' Nelly of N'Orleans* and *Wake Up, Johnathan!* Like all plays they met with varying degrees of popular success—some pronounced, others less so. The much resented *Dice of the Gods*, according to several critics in New York and more critics in Chicago, afforded Mrs. Fiske the finest serious rôle she has had since *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, and this view was shared by many discriminating playgoers. Mr. Hornblow's discovery that Mrs. Fiske's "bad mannerisms and defects of speech" had been corrected, and that "all her old faults,' which had persisted because she had no one in authority to call them to her notice, are now negligible is quite amazing in view of the fact that since the long ago day of Tess the same identical "authority" has co-operated with her, and has worked with her during the preparation of St. John Ervine's present light comedy.

The "miracle" and its interesting attendant circumstances, as described by The Lady With the Lorgnette, is entirely fabulous. There was no effort to shear Mrs. Fiske of her historic faults, nor was there detected any overt or covert attempt to cast the Belasco spell over her.

Mr. Belasco acquired the rights of *Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary* more than a year ago. When he secured them he was not trying to "find" a play for Mrs. Fiske. Later he sent us the play to read. Other contract obligations made it impossible to consider Mrs. Fiske's appearance in it at that time. Mr. Belasco brought the matter up again last Spring. Again it seemed impossible, as plans had been made for Mrs. Fiske to appear for several seasons under another management. But Mr. Belasco felt strongly that there was no one else available to originate the part of Mary and Mrs. Fiske keenly desired to play it. Accordingly, the other management generously consented to postpone the beginning of Mrs. Fiske's contract for a year, thus enabling her to arrange with Mr. Belasco for the present season. In order to exploit the production as widely as possible he decided to limit the engagements to short periods in New York and the principal cities.

As I had directed some thirty odd plays in which Mrs. Fiske appeared, Mr. Belasco thought that we would accomplish the best results if she and I worked together as usual on this one, so he invited me to direct the rehearsals and edit the comedy for representation. Mr. Belasco selected an admirable cast of actors, bestowed his usual prodigal liberality upon the setting, and in a spirit of delicacy and confidence left everything, except the physical aspects of the production, in my hands.

Having conducted all the rehearsals, I can state positively that no "shearing" and no "miracle' took place during their progress; that Mrs. Fiske—as always—composed and developed her own interpretation, cheerfully receiving from me—again as always—such personal suggestions or directions as might be required. I may add, that it would never occur to Mr. Belasco to direct Mrs. Fiske any more than it would occur to Mrs. Fiske to presume to direct Mr. Belasco.

I do not wish to filch so much as a leaf from Mr. Belasco's abundant laurels, and I am equally certain that he has not the slightest desire to absorb apocryphal praise. His established sense of fairness and his warm appreciation and acknowledgement of the aid and assistance of his collaborators in the theatre naturally acquits him of any suspicion that he would wish the record to be clouded.

HARRISON GREY FISKE

If we were alone in having "discovered bad mannerisms and defects of speech" in Mrs. Fiske the foregoing protest would be disconcerting. But how many of Mrs. Fiske's admirers—and they are legion—who have sat through previous performances have left the theatre exclaiming: "I heard only half her lines?" Therefore, when, in *Mary, Mary Quite Contrary*, we heard every word spoken with the greatest distinctness, and also observed a poise never noted before, it was only natural to attribute the welcome change to Mr. Belasco's magic touch. If it is to Mr. Fiske that credit is due, I willingly render to Caesar what is Caesar's.—*Editor.*

THE AMATEUR STAGE

Edited By M. E. KEHOE

Miss Lucy Currier, the strikingly beautiful Juliet in the Mariarden Players' production of *Romeo and Juliet*, with Miss Augusta Haviland in the rôle of the Nurse.

Scenes from the Mariarden Players' production of *Romeo and Juliet*, produced under the direction of Mrs. Guy Currier of Boston, at the Mariarden outdoor theatre at Peterboro, N. H. An interesting feature of the production was the use of an arch of Palladian motive, as the keyset for the balcony scene, the interior of Capulet's house, and finally for the tomb scene.

The Amateur's Green Room

PETERBORO, New Hampshire, shelters that interesting group—the Mariarden Players, who have been working quietly but effectively to constructive artistic ends. This group, directed by Mrs. Guy Currier, of Boston, and composed of amateurs, semi-professionals and professionals, working in conjunction with the Denishawn Eastern School of Dancing produced *Romeo and Juliet* in August of last year.

The Mariarden Theatre has an outdoor stage designed by Stuart Walker, with a seating capacity for 900 people. The stage nestles at the bottom of a natural half amphi-theatre, surrounded by evergreen trees, where nature seems to have joined hands with man to produce a perfect spiritual workplace for the production of the Drama, and more particularly, Shakespeare's immortal tragedy.

The settings for *Romeo and Juliet* by Stanley McCandless, a recent Harvard graduate, and winner of this year's Sheldon scholarship for architecture, were very effective throughout and the eighteen scenes were handled quietly and quickly. An arch of Palladian motive, charming in its simplicity, formed the keyset and was used both as interior and exterior. Some of the street scenes, done before the closed doors of the stage were equally effective and the minuet was delightfully arranged by Ted Shawn, assisted by the Denishawn dancers.

Mr. D. Gray Maxwell, who witnessed the performance and to whom we are indebted for these notes concerning it, has expressed the opinion that in the tomb and balcony scenes, McCandless' settings far outshown in beauty and dignity, the settings given the same scenes by the Selwyns, on the professional stage last year.

Alexander Onslow, who will be remembered in *March Hares,* was a splendid Romeo and John Craig, that seasoned professional, made the hills resound with his Escalus, appearing also as Friar Lawrence. Miss Lucy Currier was Juliet—a very human, youthful Juliet, vibrating between a gorgeous love and her fear for rashness. Mr. C. Haviland Chappell played Tybalt and Mr. Harold West, Mercutio. So much has been written villifying the efforts of the amateur theatrical group that it is gratifying to see a courageous, successful production, such as the Mariarden *Romeo and Juliet,* which was more adequately cast and produced, and on a generally high level than a great many of our Broadway productions. Mrs. Guy Currier may well be proud of such an effective and convincing production as the Mariarden *Romeo and Juliet.*

THE LITTLE THEATRE PLAYERS OF PONTIAC

ONCE a barn that housed the loved horses and humble family cow, now an artistic little playhouse where serious thought is given to every detail of selection, production and finish of plays; that is the interesting history of the Pontiac, Michigan, Little Theatre.

Something over a year ago, a group of men and women who had had some theatrical training formed a Club called, "Little Theatre Players," and leased a barn. An entrance built of concrete and stucco was provided, in which a small box office was installed.

The entire upper floor of the barn was removed and a balcony built above the rear of the main floor seating 50 people, the auditorium which is 20 feet deep by 25 feet wide and 23 feet high, seating 100 people. In the design of the stage keen study has been demonstrated, to make every-

(*Continued on page* 56)

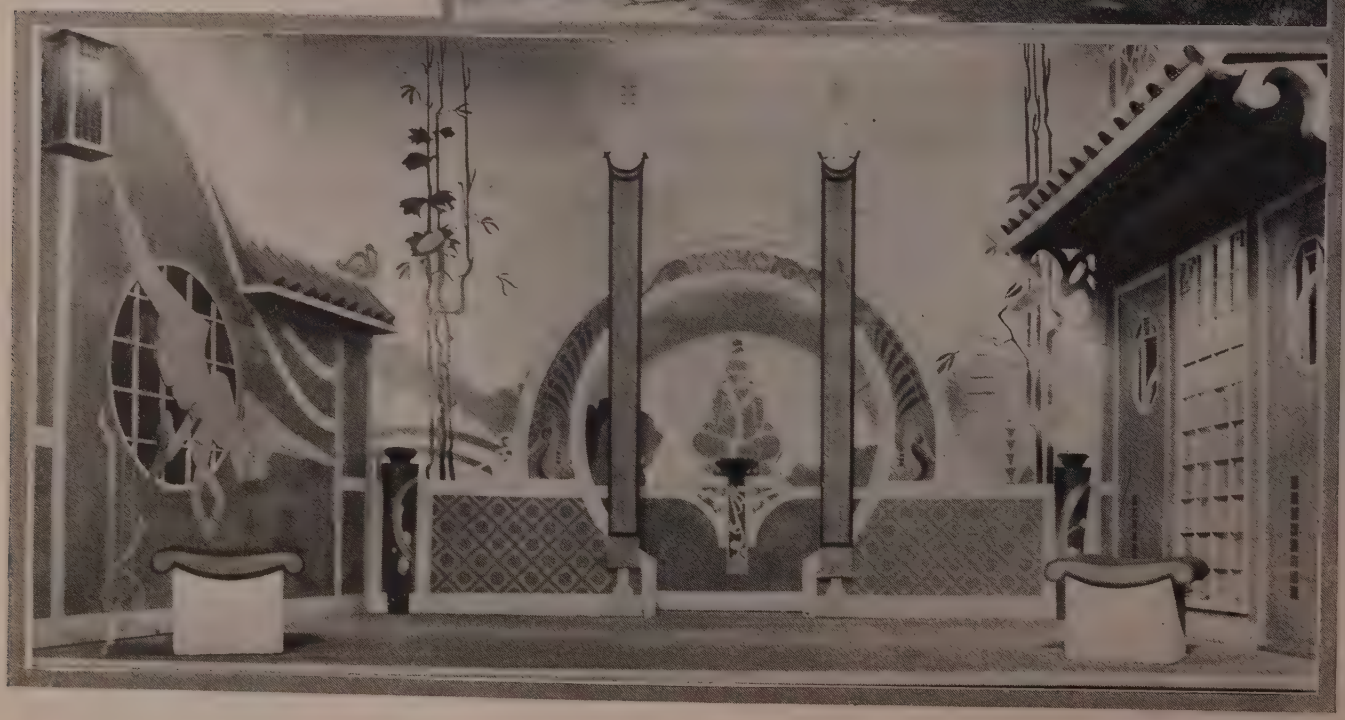
GODS OF JADE

This colorful musical comedy, which was first produced by the Snarks of New York City, in March, was chosen by the Amateur Comedy Club for their 367th, and two subsequent performances given at the Hecksher Foundation Theatre in December, with new costumes designed by Gordan Grant and stage sets by Jules Guerin. The book is based on Lord Dunsany's *Gods of the Mountain,* and both lyrics and score are the work of Philip Kobbé. The play is now available for amateur and little theatre groups. For information address the Editor, Amateur Stage.

Setting for *Suppressed Desires*, built by Orrin F. Stone in the theatre workshop. Clarence H. Dusenberry in the rôle of Stephen Brewster, Madelene Hazelton Tillotson as Henrietta Brewster, and Dorothy Hanson as Mabel.

Right: The home of the Little Theatre Players, of Pontiac, Michigan; a barn last year, but today, a well equipped little playhouse.

Below: Setting for *The Mikado*, designed by Orrin F. Stone of the Little Theatre Players, and built in the theatre workshop.



THE "LITTLE THEATRE PLAYERS" OF PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

Altho they have been in existance only a year, in that short space of time this enterprizing group have transformed an old barn into an artistic little playhouse where a number of carefully staged plays have already been given.

THE BEST THINGS IN TOWN

We have with us this year, direct from Paris, a young artist, René Hubert, who has designed some most unusual and striking costumes for certain prominent women of the stage, whose type has appealed to his imagination. Bringing out one's type is M. Hubert's hobby, and he intends to remain in New York for a while and specialize in just that.

M. Hubert, who was associated with *Femina* in Paris, has made for us drawings of five of his recent costumes. Above at the left is a concert gown for Marie Tiffany of The Metropolitan, in which the yellow of gold cloth is contrasted with the grey of a deep border of chinchilla and embroideries of beads and soutache in Persian style.

Next Miss Tiffany is Gabrielle Ravine. whose last appearance was in *The Mountebank,* in a gown of royal blue velvet trimmed with points of old Italian reticella lace edged with ermine. There is a marvellous "coiffure" to go with this, of gardenias in simili porcelain, a special creation of M. Hubert's. At the right is shown an evening frock and wrap designed for Dorothy Dalton, of periwinkle blue velvet with appliqued flowers in white, yellow, and mauve velvet, and green leaves: and a matching cape of the same velvet, with ermine flowers and green leaves for the collar.

The little figure on the left shows a blue serge day frock for Edna Hibbard with white flannel collar and cuffs, heavily embroidered in peasant style, and a hat in white flannel with the same embroideries. On the right Anne Harding of *Tarnish* wears a black velvet model with stuffed borders and Russian embroideries, and her black velvet hat has a *motif Russe.* In her *Promenades* (page forty-six) Angelina tells of a tea at which she learned from M. Hubert "personal"—as *The Bad Man* says—his ideas on costume that have brought such success.

WHAT LUELLA GEAR OF "POPPY" FOUND AT ALTMAN'S

SPECIAL FEATURES OF THE "NOVELTY COSTUME" DEPARTMENT

White

Miss Gear was so delighted with this *chic* sports frock, the stunning scarf and its matching hat, that she posed in them herself. The frock is of tan knit angora—skirt and blouse—with a slender border in brown and red, and the heavy crepe scarf is vivid in a bold design of brown and red and grey.

Among the "novelty costume" accessories which Miss Gear found, were enchanting sets of scarves and hats, one of which, as shown above, is made up of emerald green cloth and black velvet, with silver and black and green cross-stitch embroidery.

Another harmonious set on which Miss Gear placed the seal of her approval and thought especially appropriate for the South was composed of hat and accompanying bag, both in black velvet, with rows of narrow silver braid and turquoise green stones.

(*Middle*) For sports wear smart women who go in for individuality are buying to take to Palm Beach, the imported Shetland wool scarves in white, and soft tans, and greys. They are so filmy they can "double" as motor veils, and "O, don't they make you look beautiful," exclaims Miss Gear.

White

(*Left*) A distinct novelty for the Southern season ahead will be the jackets and matching hats, just over from Paris, made of real old pieces of chintz, quilted. This model of Lenieff from B. Altman & Co., which Miss Gear is wearing here is made of mustard yellow chintz sprigged with tiny red flowers, and lined with henna chiffon.

FROM A SHOP WHERE EAST MEETS WEST

If we wanted to create something of a small sensation at the theatre we should choose a sleeveless black velvet frock and make it a background for a string of these Chinese cut crystals, which have the most glorious and dazzling brilliance imaginable.

Pajama sets from the Orient in self-toned brocades with edges of Chinese embroidery are alluring, practical and more than usually moderate in price. They come in red, green, gold, and a luscious pink, the jackets being lined with pale blue percale.

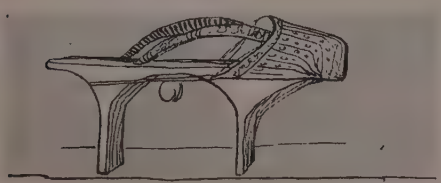
Another sensation in the popular crystals might be effected by the wearing of this large pear-shaped crystal drop on a black grosgrain ribbon, with earrings of about half smaller size mounted in jet tops to go with it.

For the name of the Oriental shop where the articles shown on this page may be found, and that carrying the velvet and chintz parasols, as well as prices, write Anne Archbald, Fashion Editor, THEATRE MAGAZINE, *2 West 45th St., New York City.*

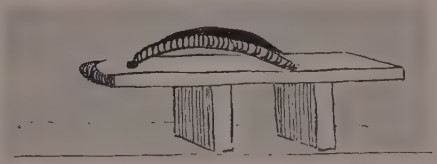
The whole art of the East is typified in this intriguing cigarette holder of white ivory, whose tip bears an ivory fly carved and tinted so exquisitely that you would swear it was real and try to brush it away. The holder is in three sizes, 4, 5, and 6 inches, and comes in a gay little straw box.

Very, very "advance style" in smart parasola for Palm Beach are those fashioned of velvet and lined with China silk, or sporty affairs in chintz. A well-known Fifth Avenue house shows these of velvet in lovely shades of coral and yellow—charming accompaniments for the Spanish scarf.

Irene Bordoni who brought over with her from Paris in the fall, a pair of Japanese clogs has started a vogue for them as bath sandals. These of wood have leather toe caps and a tinkling little brass bell.



Simpler in style and simpler in price another type of the Japanese clog is made of plainer wood, its toe strap in brown cloth and without the cap. The clogs come in a masculine and a feminine size.



THE PROMENADE OF ANGELINA

She teas chez Gabrielle Ravine, and is introduced to a new watch and a new sweet

—HAVEMAN-25

AS a rule it is Tubby who is the originator and instigator of our parties . . so much so that Father likes to refer to him on occasions as "the starter" . . But I, too, at times put something over myself . .

Recently it was the invitation I acquired from Gabrielle Ravine for an informal drop-in-at-any-time Sunday afternoon tea. In private life Miss Ravine, as perhaps you know, is Madame Renavent, the wife of that clever Georges Renavent, who played in *The Crooked Square,* and they were giving the tea for their compatriot Monsieur Hubert, who did those charming costume designs for the first fashion page . .

I knew Tubby would like such a party with people talking French and an atmosphere such as would remind him of his Beaux Arts and Latin Quarter days . . and he was indeed pleased when I delivered the invitation . . We arrived late, the room was crowded . . Miss Ravine greeted us . . and before I had time to look round to see who was there, introduced me at once to the guest of honor, Monsieur Hubert . .

"Voila!" she said. "And no one is to disturb you two for half an hour, since you are both interested in the same things and will have much to say to each other."

We sank down into two comfortable chairs and started off . . I perceived it was to be a pleasant half hour . . M. Hubert is one of those people whom you have no difficulty taking too immediately . . I'm always so grateful to that kind, aren't you? People who have pleasing exteriors . . and charming *sans gene* manners. M. Hubert, young and good-looking, was all of that and wielded a devastating smile into the bargain . .

"It is agreed that we both love the costume, *n'est-ce-pas?"* he began.

I nodded emphatic assent.

"It is agreed that we both think the American woman most extraordinarily beautiful? Yes?"

"Yes . ."

"Is it agreed, though, that she might be more individual in her dress, less standardized?"

Yes to that, too . . And M. Hubert proceeded to elaborate the thought . .

"I think that America has such beautiful girls . . But it is a mistake for them to adopt so exactly the French model, as the French woman is entirely different from the American. She should not wear a frock because all the rest of the world wears it. She should be original . . she should study herself . . Better yet, she should have somebody study her. Me, for example," laughed M. Hubert. "A little good will and I am sure that the American will be as creative as the French in finding her personal style. I do hope that I can help a little bit towards it."

M. Hubert then told me he is a painter by profession . . He studied at the Beaux Arts in Paris, and was very successful.

"But I have, too, the sense of how clothes should be," he explained. "If I see a lady I just feel how she would look her best, and I create a fashion drawing round her as I would create her portrait. So for fun I start making fashion drawings in Paris for *célèbres artistes* . . I never think to make a business of it . . but gradually I find myself creating for revues and then collaborating with Mme. Rasimé, well-known *costumière* . . *Et voilà!*

"When I came to America it was with the idea of painting portraits . . I start to do a portrait of our hostess, Miss Ravine . . and one day she comes to my studio for a sitting much upset . . She tells me she does not know what to do . . She cannot find any decent clothes to wear for the production of *The Mountebank* in which she is rehearsing . . I make her a few sketches of how I think she ought to look . . She likes them . . the clothes are made under my supervision by a French dressmaker in whom I have confidence . . *Enfin,* they make a great hit . . I am asked to do others for many of the *célèbres* stage stars . . So begins my new career . ."

The watch of the moment, which plays three character parts. In the morning it appears on the wrist, in the afternoon it becomes. Contimental mode, a graceful *sautoir* on a black cord, and in the evening a piquant dinner ring, the change from one to the other being made in a second by a simple and clever device. The watch is known as a Hafis Versatile, and guaranteed indefinitely.

Tubby here distracted us, holding out a piece of candy for my attention.

"Just put that under your tongue, Angelina darling," he cried. "It's the most delicious candy you ever tasted!"

Tubby's a fiend for sweets . . Tubbies always are . .

I demurred . . It certainly was a most alluring looking piece of candy, a round of marshallow paste, with bits of candied fruit embedded in it, surrounded by caramel cream studded with pecan nuts . . but sweets aren't supposed to be good for me. Tubby, however, proceeded to tempt . .

"Come on . . what's the idea?" he said. "I suppose you're going to pretend to us that you'll lose your figure."

"No," I responded, "but you know candy isn't on my new diet list."

"Well, I know something about 'new diets' too," said Tubby, "and, look, this is all right, because it has brown sugar and nuts and those are both things one should eat."

I needed no further urging. The creature tempted me and I did eat. As a matter of fact I was already half way through my first piece, and ready to send Tubby after another.

"Ask Miss Ravine, Tubby," I called, "if the candy has any particular name or where she gets it . . and then you can buy us some."

Miss Ravine had already heard and crossed the room to show us a cylindrical box in which the candy came, and on which we read, "Pecan Roll, Kitchen Panchard" . . and "thought we could get it most anywhere" . . She was looking particularly stunning in a frock of M. Hubert's designing, black taffeta, full-skirted, tight-bodiced . . and wore the most adorable little watch of white gold, hardly as large as a postage stamp, round her neck on a black cord . . She showed how it could be changed into a dinner ring, or worn as a wrist watch, and said though so small yet it kept perfect time. You may see the idea in the picture above.

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THE UNKNOWN LADY

(*Concluded from page 28*)

MAN: (*Forcefully*) Now, you sit down and listen to me.

WOMAN: I won't be used like a mat to clean other people's dirty feet.

MAN: (*Emphatically*) You'll take your hundred and you'll keep still.

WOMAN: I'll get more for talking.

MAN: So? Blackmail, eh? Now, you'll take this hundred and forget this. Understand? Because if you don't *you'll* be in for as dirty a mess as I would, if you talk.

WOMAN: (*Doggedly*) I won't be insulted! Saving a lady love who ought to stand the gaff herself.

MAN: I'm not trying to save any "lady-love." The only person I'm trying to help is my wife.

WOMAN: (*Incredulously*) Your wife! You'd go to all this trouble for your wife?

MAN: That's exactly it.

WOMAN: I don't want to hear any fairy tales.

MAN: That's the truth.

WOMAN: Well, if it's to save your wife, you've got to pay me more. If you don't I'll—

MAN: You'll what? Now, I thought you were a decent sort! But if you tip this off and I get pulled up for collusion, I'm afraid I'll have to fix you. (*Brutally*) I'll swear you took my money, and that you were on all the time. I'll swear you tried to blackmail me for more money. And don't you forget, that no judge will ever believe a thing like you under oath.

WOMAN: (*Seeing he means it*) Gee! You're fierce!

MAN: Well, I'd hate to do a thing like that to any woman. But when you go around having hysterics, I just want you to know I don't intend to have this dirty night's work go wrong. (*Taking her arms forcibly*) Do you understand that? Do you?

WOMAN: If I was hit by a trolley I'd know it, wouldn't I?

MAN: Well, then, listen, so you won't make any mistake. I'm doing for my wife what that husband of yours wouldn't do for you. (*Quietly*) My wife loves another man.

WOMAN: (*Quickly*) You've caught her with him and you're trying to save her?

MAN: No, she's straight that way.

WOMAN: (*Sneering sarcastically*) Straight? Huh!

MAN: (*Angrily again*) Don't you dare sneer at her, do you hear? You damn little—

WOMAN: All right—all right.

MAN: She came and told me. So did he. They love each other, and they're both decent. (*Emphatically*) Decent, do you hear? If you know what that is?

WOMAN: (*Impressed*) Gee! How you love her!

MAN: (*Controlling his emotions with difficulty*) We weren't meant for each other, and I'm not going to stand in the way of her happiness now. I'm not a selfish cad. I'm going to let her get free of me, the easiest and quickest way. Do you think I'd send her west to Reno, and all that farce? Do you think I'm going to let her get a divorce unless it's a sure-fire one? No. I am going to let her get it right here in New York, and she's going to get it through this frame-up. And *you're* going to be "the unknown lady," and your name isn't even going to be mentioned in the papers, so don't worry. Her lawyers had the tip that I might be here one of these days. But those detectives had to have three days exercise following me first—so the court wouldn't suspect collusion. Papers will be served on me, and my lawyer will acknowledge service. Then I'll go off on a business trip when the case is called. In a month my wife will be free, and she and the man she loves can go to Florida and pick orange blossoms. Now, that's all there is to it, except my wife and I were two respectable, law-abiding citizens, till we went up against this proposition; and in order to get free of each other, as *we both wish*, the law is making us commit a crime. And it's only with the help of a woman like you, that we can beat it, see? And when you've got a rotten law you've got to beat it in a rotten way!! (*They stand looking at each other. There is a pause. He casually takes out a bill from his pocket and offers it to her*) Now, there's your hundred for talking to me.

WOMAN: Say, could you add an extra ten for keeping still? I need a new plume for my hat.

MAN: (*Smiling*) All right. I thought you'd be sensible. Here's for the plume. Now, get your things on.

WOMAN: (*Taking money, but speaking half in a dream*) I'll get a white plume this time—real bird. (*He puts on his overcoat and hat and lights another cigarette and stands watching her*)

MAN: I suppose we'd better be seen going out together?

WOMAN: (*Good-naturedly again*) Sure. Mr. and Mrs. John Smith! Say, I'm going to tell the next guy to use a different name. Where're you going now? On a bat?

MAN: I'm going to my club. You don't think I've enjoyed this, do you?

WOMAN: Well, you certainly lost your temper. But you did it like a real gent. (*She goes to him, showing the money he has given her*) Say, how'd you like to have a little bite to eat on me. I'm flush tonight.

MAN: (*In a kindly tone*) All right.

WOMAN: (*Breaking into a bitter sob*) And they say I ain't no use in the world, eh?

MAN: Oh, yes, you are. Tonight, you've made my wife a respectable woman.

WOMAN: Me? A thing like *me!* Ha! Ha! Ain't it a joke? (*They go out of the room arm in arm*)

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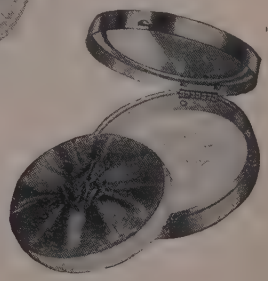

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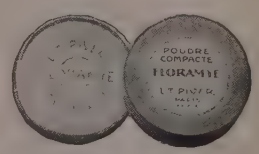

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CHARLES CHAPLIN—POET AND DRAMATIST

(Concluded from page 20)

"I haven't the slightest desire to play *Hamlet* and never will. I wouldn't be an actor for anything in the world. There is nothing real about the legitimate stage to me. I hate the crowd out there in front—strangers, a huge mass of awful people with every eye focussed upon you and criticising your every movement. You are so helpless before an audience. Those people out there don't care a hang about you—they come to be amused and entertained. They have been fed and sit back like a ringmaster in a circus, waiting to crack a whip at you and have you perform—and if you don't do as they say, they will hate you.

"Besides one cannot create on the stage. Half-past eight every night, day after day and week after week. Half-past eight and you turn a key—and then you go out before that mass and repeat the same lines you said last night and do the same grimaces you did the night before, and laugh the same laugh and cry the same cry. How can you do anything wonderful? There is nothing spontaneous about acting on the stage, how can there be? Oh, I wouldn't go back to the legitimate stage for anything in the world. That's why I love my work. I am, fortunately, my own master. I can do anything I like, I can try out any new bag of tricks, I can put over any new gag and no one but myself is to blame if I fail. I can work one day on the heights of emotional hysteria—creating, as I work, anything that comes into my head. I can sit around the very next day, my head in my hands, a victim of melancholia—but I have only myself to answer to, and I am not carrying the responsibility on my shoulders which every actor has to on the stage."

"Are you going to do any more serious dramas."

"Not right away. I love to make people laugh—and I love being funny. Being a comedian in a true sense of the word is to my mind as high and worthy a goal as being a great painter or musician. To be able to take away the burdens of life for a few minutes from humanity; to be able to send a man heavy with sorrow home with his depression even so slightly lifted is wonderful. I thank God for this gift—it is as sacred a trust as any that a man can have."

MUSIC

(Concluded from page 36)

Pfitzner's contata, *Von Deutscher Seele*. It has been cynically suggested that the true name of this organization ought to be "The Friends of German Music," but the performance of *Von Deutscher Seele* quite sets this suggestion at rest. If the German soul is really as turgid, inchoate, and interminable in expression as Herr Pfitzner's *contata* affirms, then truly Germany is without redemption! The *contata* is of the school of Mahler at his worst. It is utterly uninspired, and it goes on and on and on. Miss Rethberg, Mme. Cahier, Mr. Harrold, and Mr. Bender struggled with it manfully, and Mr. Bodansky conducted it with the zeal of a believer. Herr Pfitzner is apparently of the opinion that half a musical idea becomes a whole philosophy if it is repeated often enough. He is what the French would call a musical *rabacheur*. I have said that *Von Deutscher Seele* is an outstanding feature of the concert season. It is outstanding because it is said to have cost the Friends of Music $15,000 to produce. Our young American composers may not yet have the genius of a Wagner or a Brahms, but they are at least free from the pretentious pomposity of Pfitzner.

The regular symphonic concerts have been upon us in full force. We have had the new State Symphony with Mr. Stransky, the New York Symphony with Mr. Damrosch, the Philharmonic with Mr. Von Hoogstraten, the Philadelphia Orchestra with Mr. Stokowsky. It is a pity that young Eugene Goossens should have conducted only four concerts by the new Rochester Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Goossens is equally able as composer and conductor.

Another event of real interest has been the visit of the Sistine Chapel Choir, under the leadership of the Perpetual Vice Director of the Pontifical Chapel, Monsignor Antonio Rella. These singers who form the choir whenever the Pope officiates in the Sistine Chapel, made a remarkable impression in *a capella* music, though there might have been more Palestrina and less Perosi. This choir which is now touring the country brings to America what is purest in the tradition of ecclesiastical song.

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Geraldine Farrar takes up her needles again and "knits up the ravell'd sleave of care" with two blithesome melodies.

New tenors are always a source of interest, and Miguel Fleta, who makes his first red seal record, is also a newcomer at the Metropolitan. He has success in Europe and South America to his credit. It is interesting and pleasant to hear his version of *La Donna è Mobile* from *Rigoletto*, and the tender *A te, O cara* (*To Thee, O Dearest*) from *I Puritani*.

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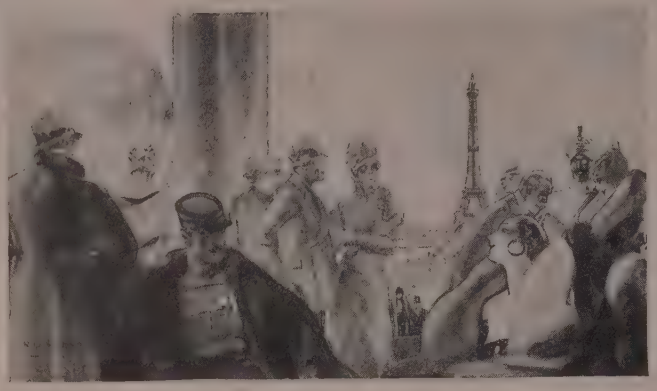

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ARE YOU SAFE IN THE THEATRE?

(*Concluded from page* 10)

so contrived that if burned or otherwise severed the curtain will fall automatically. As an additional safeguard it is also required that a sharp knife shall hang beside the stanchion to which the ropes are secured in order that they may be cut free at a moment's notice.

The real function of the asbestos curtain is more readily understandable if you will recall that the stage of a theatre actually resembles an open fire-place. The proscenium apron is the front of the grate; the stage itself is the fire-place, extending up into the high roof, with its drops and curtains, which forms a sort of chimney. As you sit in an orchestra chair you can, without too great a strain on the imagination, picture yourself seated before a giant, open fire-place. This is not, however, an imaginary resemblance; theatres are now purposely built in this manner.

A GIANT FIREPLACE

IN the roof above the stage, in all New York theatres, are four or five sky-lights—the number is immaterial—the law simply requiring that they shall encompass an opening equal to one-eighth the area of the stage below. These proportions are the same as those used in constructing an ordinary home fire-place, where the size of the chimney permits a sufficient draught to draw off smoke, flame and gases, and allows a person to sit as near the grate as possible. If a fire starts in the theatre—and ninety per cent of the fire danger is on the stage, with its scenery, costumes, curtains, electrical appliances and other paraphernalia—the sky-lights are automatically opened and the draught of air from the auditorium sends smoke and flames coursing upward, through the top of the roof.

In theatre buildings, even if used for office purposes, or where roof-garden music halls are constructed over the theatre proper, the space above the stage is always kept free. The building codes rigidly forbid any building over this part of the theatre, or that it be covered or obstructed in any way that might impair its function as an actual chimney.

And now we return to the real purpose of the asbestos curtain. As soon as a fire is discovered on the stage this curtain is lowered. It is made of fine mesh copper wire covered with asbestos,—government tested to withstand the most intense degree of heat—and it fits into the wall at each side of the proscenium to a width of four feet. So—just as when we push the iron screen against the fire-place, or close a damper in the stove—the draught is completely shut off and the fire, instead of spreading, burns itself out through the top of the chimney.

Fire is a merciless maurauding element, devouring everything in its path, but always seeking escape. If the top of the stage were closed it would turn to both sides and try to burn its way out. Thus the sky-light chimney is a protection to the actors and actresses whose dressing-rooms are located at either side of the stage, accessible to fire-escapes and having the additional protection of fire-proof doors. Dressing-rooms beneath the stage are, for obvious reasons, no longer allowed.

The possible—though highly improbable—causes of fire in a theatre are numerous. I saw one demonstrated not many weeks ago at a performance of a popular Broadway musical comedy. A young lady of the chorus, dressed in a flimsy chiffon gown, danced down rather close to the footlights. Her foot slipped and apparently came in contact with one of the footlamps. There was a sharp report, a sputter of sparks and in a second the fluffy costume was afire. Thanks to the presence of mind of one of her fellow actors, who threw a rug about her knees, she was not injured, and the fire did no further damage.

This sort of accident should be wellnigh impossible, providing the proper legal safeguards are enforced. Permanent electric globes are supposed to be enclosed in strong wire cages.

SPECIAL GUN PERMITS

ANOTHER source of danger is the flame of candles, torches, matches, lamps and firearms—often necessary to the action of a piece. Special permission is required for their use and all scenery or stage property adjacent to them must be treated with a specially prepared fire-proof paint. A fireman always stands in the wings during such scenes. Even the carrying of a gun or revolver on the stage—whether or not it is discharged—requires a special permit.

One of the greatest dangers in the old days was from over-heated furnaces. These were usually located in the cellar of the building and were a constant menace. The modern theatre has no cellar. The only space allowed beneath a theatre is that directly under the stage and at the front of the house; the flooring of the auditorium itself rests on a solid foundation. Furnaces are now built in separate, fireproof structures, adjacent to the main building, and the heat is sent into the theatre through pipes in the walls.

From the foregoing it is apparent that, mechanically and structurally, the modern theatre is as nearly fire-proof as possible. Small conflagrations may occur now and then, but they are quickly controlled. The one danger—Panic—still remains, and until the public thoroughly understands the adequacy of its protection, will continue to cause disaster.

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THE WORLD'S PREMIER THEATRE

(Concluded from page 22)

art has been able to devise; and beyond that, storage rooms, scenic workshops, and studios and offices apparently without number. It is probably one of the closest approaches anywhere to an ideal theatrical "plant." All of which would mean nothing if its unusual resources were not capitalized to present the finest plays in unusual manner.

I sat in the great auditorium one night, waiting for the plain but pleasing curtains to be drawn, and wondered whether the production could live up to the promise of the building. Two hours later I was leaving the theatre with that detached, almost ecstatic feeling that one experiences, if one is lucky, perhaps once in every five years of playgoing. I had had one of the most vivid dramatic experiences that I had ever known, and I had seen a play put over, with intense effectiveness, by methods that I would have said, beforehand, would be undramatic if not ridiculous. The play was *Masse Mensch,* a violent, uneven study of communistic rebellion, and it was acted without any regard for naturalness or the ordinary refinements — almost shouted at the audience—and practically without settings. But there I was, at the end, feeling as if I had lived through one of life's rare moments, with my emotions purged, as old Aristotle might report it; knowing, too, as a critic, that I had witnessed a production that marked the coming of a new dramatic method into the theatre of today. The promise of the building's architecture had been fulfilled: I had found one of the points at which modern art touched the stage most satisfyingly.

AN ORGANIZED AUDIENCE

THE theatre is owned co-operatively by an audience that numbers well over 100,000. The members of that audience run their theatre just as any other community-owned project must be run, by elected officers. They enjoy the privilege not only of attendance at their own theatre's productions, at prices that seem ridiculous when compared with our $2.00 to $3.00 (one mark before the war, and at a similar ratio now), but also of attendance at half a dozen other leading Berlin theatres, such as the State Opera House and the Charlottenberg Schiller-Theater, at the same small fees—a privilege made possible because, as an organized audience, they can "buy up the house" at a reduced rate, fill every seat, and distribute the cost pro rata.

For the financing of the new building, first the executive committee put aside a nucleus out of the society's savings. Then members were taxed ten per cent extra on their one-mark entrance tickets, and after a few years, when any member's accumulated taxes amounted to ten marks, he received a card as evidence that he had loaned that amount to the organization. The members thus financed the building by obligatory loans from themselves, loans that bear interest and will ultimately be repaid. They borrowed other capital in a lump sum from the City of Berlin, but it was the members' own loans, paid in two-and-a-half cents at a time, that made the building possible.

The repertory of the Volksbühne is one of the most remarkable on record: first, for its breadth and catholicity, and second, as showing how a people's theatre repertory may be expected to differ from the usual chosen-from-above, more or less aristocratic play-list of the average endowed theatre.

THE FORWARD-LOOKING POLICY

THE Volksbühne repertory ranges from the Greeks to Sigurjonsson and von Hoffsmansthal, from Shakespeare to the expressionists Georg Kaiser and Ernst Toller. As evidence of catholicity one might place Goethe beside Wedekind, Maeterlinck beside Schnitzler, Kotzebue beside Shaw and Strindberg.

The men chiefly responsible for the forward-looking policy and achievement of the society are Friedrich Kayssler, the general director and one of the leading actors, Jürgen Fehling, *regisseur,* and Hans Strohbach, scenic artist — the last-named being an artist who doesn't believe in scenery in the ordinary sense, but in an architectural stage and skillful use of light and shade. Fehling and Strohbach are responsible for the method of staging *Mensch Masse.*

All attempt at "naturalness" in playwriting or presentation, is very evidently abandoned. The thing is utterly theatrical, but by being frankly so, it rounds the turn into actual life —much more successfully than the realistic play that attempts to touch life by exact imitation.

The play itself is one of those expressionistic compositions that races along hitting the high spots of emotion and heedless of all else. In performance it simply carries one along, oblivious of everything but the action. Even knowing so little of the German language as I do, I was lost in the performance from the time the curtain rose. Today I remember it more vividly than any other production I have seen in recent years. Such vividness, such intensity, such abounding life, seem to me tokens of a new power in playwriting and play producing. These Volksbühne artists are touching a height that as yet no one else has reached. In this instance their producing seems more eminently than any other the dramatic art of that today which has a slant toward tomorrow.

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BONDS SHORT TERM NOTES ACCEPTANCES

OUR DOOR IS ON THE LATCH

(Concluded from page 9)

road tryout and rewriting that most native plays receive, accepts at the outset a certain handicap. The importance of this cannot be minimized. Most of the American plays are "pretty good." The utterly impossible play has become a rarity. Playwrights seem to have risen to the academic standard, now conferred upon them, sufficiently to get at least a passing grade. But while most of the material is well-written, it is very seldom that it says anything of importance for which we must probably blame not so much the playwright, as American life and its lack of leisure for thought.

But on the other hand, when one does find sincere artists in the theatre, a young playwright trying to express something worth while, frequently he has not as yet sufficiently mastered the theatrical medium. He must have a chance to see his work in production, to re-arrange, to re-emphasize, to re-write for the needs of the theatre with an eye, not necessarily on the box office under which most such rewriting is done, but on the complete realization of the whole. That is why we are particularly keen for the opportunity of a studio which a new theatre will give us. Indeed we are already organizing a group of auxiliary players who will be able to try out new material for us, although as yet these experiments must be of the simpler sort.

It is extraordinary what metamorphoses a play often goes through before it reaches the New York public. I remember one comedy we read called *Kate* which had a good deal of amusing character comedy, but a sentimental and sloppy story. By clever rewriting and collaboration, the sentimental theme became satirical and a weak and rather meaningless *Kate* appeared two years later on the stage of the Belmont as the delightful and homely satire *Kempy*.

Such metamorphoses are as yet difficult for the Guild which must produce its plays in four weeks of rehearsal before the most critical and sophisticated of audiences, so that its choice is not only limited to the author who has something of distinction to say, but has said it in distinguished form.

THE AMATEUR'S GREEN ROOM

(Concluded from page 41)

thing as convenient and useful as possible. The proscenium opening is 17 feet wide, by 14 feet high, and the stage 15 feet deep, with border lamps above the proscenium in three circuits with 800 watts to the circuit. To remove the shadows caused by the absence of footlights, a flood light was improvised on the front of the balcony 9 feet away from the stage, with a 300 watt lamp shining through a 5 by 8 inch opening.

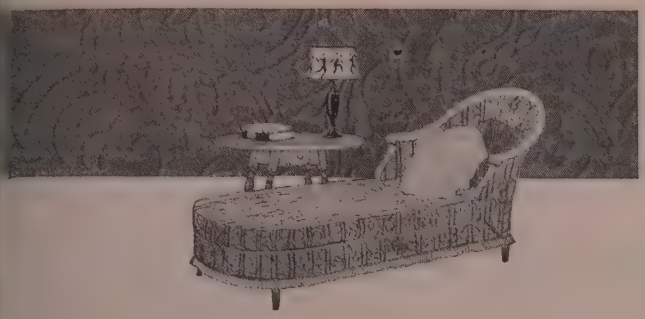
Every inch of space has been utilized. Under the stage, a heavy stone foundation made the outside walls for eight dressing rooms, a work room, and furnace room. The orchestra pit in front will accommodate several musicians and there is space for a piano. To the right and left of the stage opening are two small dressing and costume, and property rooms, and room for sets.

THE interior of the play-house is one of quiet charm. From the beginning of the alterations, the work was planned and done by the members who devoted hours of loving work to carry out their ambitious plan for the perfection of the building. The versatility of these people was shown in their ability to use the saw and hammer in creating desired effects, in the use of the brush and applying artistic coloring, and in the lighting effects. The interior has been panelled in wall board, which has been painted soft yellows and greens above, while the lower walls have been stippled with various colors blending in a pleasing manner. For lighting the auditorium, lanterns ingeniously contrived with colored glass give mellow light.

In October of 1922 the opera *The Mikado* was presented to the public. The setting of this production was designed by Orrin F. Stone, a local architect. Mr. Stone designed all the settings for the season 1922-1923 for the love of the work and in every set his ideas added in a large measure to the success of the plays.

In December, 1922, three one-act plays, *Where But in America, Dregs* and *Suppressed Desires* were presented, and last spring a four-act comedy, *Everybody's Friend,* ran a full week, and during the last of May another set of one-act plays was prepared; three clever plays which were well acted, and won the approbation of the local press, which said that in no way did they fall short of professional work.

The most ambitious and also the most complete success of the past season was the offering *Francesca da Rimini,* the Barrett version, which was staged in the Greek theatre on the beautiful estate of George Booth of Bloomfield Hills. *The Chimes of Normandy* opened the season of 1923-24 and it is planned to follow this ambitious production with *The Witching Hour* and; later in the season, four plays to be selected by the Play Committee.



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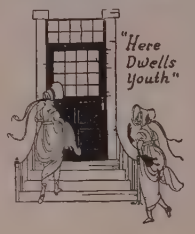

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MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(*Concluded from page 19*)

A Royal Fandango

A comedy in three acts by Zoe Akins, produced by Arthur Hopkins at the Plymouth Theatre, on November 13th, with the following cast:

Prince Peter, Cyril Keightly; Princess Amelia, Miss Barrymore; Lady Lucy Rabid, Virgina Chauvenet; Mr. Wright, Harold Webster; Henriette, Denise Corday; Parrish, Walter Howe; Chucho Panez, Jose Alessandro; Ampero, Beverly Sitgreaves; Pascual, Edward G. Robinson; Pilar, Aileen Poe.

THIS play was more a mystery drama than a comedy, and the mystery was how it ever got a production. It was one of the dullest, most unskilled pieces of playwrighting imaginable, not even clever and adept enough to be taken as burlesque which, if Mr. Hopkins is the manager he is supposed to be, was the only thing he could have intended. Miss Barrymore moved through the three banal acts with even less poise than usual, and the whole affair, with the exception of beautiful settings by Robert Edmund Jones, was very distressing.

This was another time that the author of *Declassée* and *Daddy's Gone A-Hunting* weakened in the execution of an amusing idea. A dreary measure like *A Royal Fandango* was an unfortunate step for Miss Barrymore after her last season's fiasco.

Stepping Stones

Fantastical musical play in two acts. Book by Anne Caldwell and R. H. Burnside. Music by Jerome Kern. Produced by Charles Dillingham at the Globe Theatre on Nov. 6th, with this cast:

Peter Plug, Fred Stone; Prince Silvio, Roy Hoyer; Otto DeWolfe, Oscar Ragland; Remus, John Lambert; Richard, Harold West; Captain Paul, Jack Whiting; Antoine, Gerald Gilbert; Gypsy Jan, Bert Jordan; Eddie, Willie Torpey; The Landlord, George Herman; Roughette Hood, Dorothy Stone; Widow Hood, Allene Stone; Lupina, Evelyn Herbert; Radiola, Primrose Caryll; Mary, Lucille Elmore; Nurse Marjorie, Lydia Scott; Charlotte, Lilyan White; Eclaire, Ruth White; Rose, Hazel Glen.

LET me put on record at once the fact that this musical fantasy in which the Stones—father and daughter, not forgetting mamma, who has only a subordinate rôle—disport themselves nightly at the Globe, is a huge success, one of the biggest hits Broadway has seen in a long time. There is no question as to the enthusiasm of the play going public. The theatre is literally beseiged at every performance and the entire capacity of the house sold out for weeks to come.

This said, I must, in the interests of candor, go on record myself by saying that personally I did not care for the show. I found it tedious and childish. The Tony Sarg Marionettes, the Sweet Shop, the Haunted Inn, the Dolls' Village, struck me as being delightful entertainment for infants, but not exactly the sort of fare grown folks look for in their periodic incursions into musical comedy. Our humorous friend, Fred Stone, is there with both feet, to say nothing of his bag of tricks and nimble legs, and added interest is given the proceedings by the charming personality of the comedian's daughter, Dorothy, a slim, graceful slip of a girl, who dances charmingly, and as Roughette Hood makes her first bid for metropolitan favor. Of her personal success there is not the slightest doubt. The house simply rose at her. Dorothy Stone has come to Broadway to stay.

Time

Comedy in three acts by Arthur Henry, produced by Stuart Walker in association with Lee Shubert, at the 39th Street Theatre, on Nov. 26th, with the following cast:

Mabel Prescott, Lucile Nikolas; John Barrett, William Kirkland; Ruth Prescott, Dorothy Francis; Georgette Barrett, Margaret Mower; Jim Prescott, A. H. Van Buren; Patsy Prescott, Marie Curtis; Joshua Prescott, William Evarts.

ULTRA-MODERN, this comedy seeks to prove that twenty years of matrimony is no excuse for divorce. The husband has an unlawful fancy for Georgette, his wife's friend; and much credit for the happy outcome is due to his mother, who conceives the idea of shocking him into his proper senses by trumping up a charge against his own father.

Dorothy Franacis is charming as Ruth, the wife. William Kirkland is a sympathetic lover, and Lucile Nikolas scored in the flapper rôle of Mabel, their daughter.

For All of Us

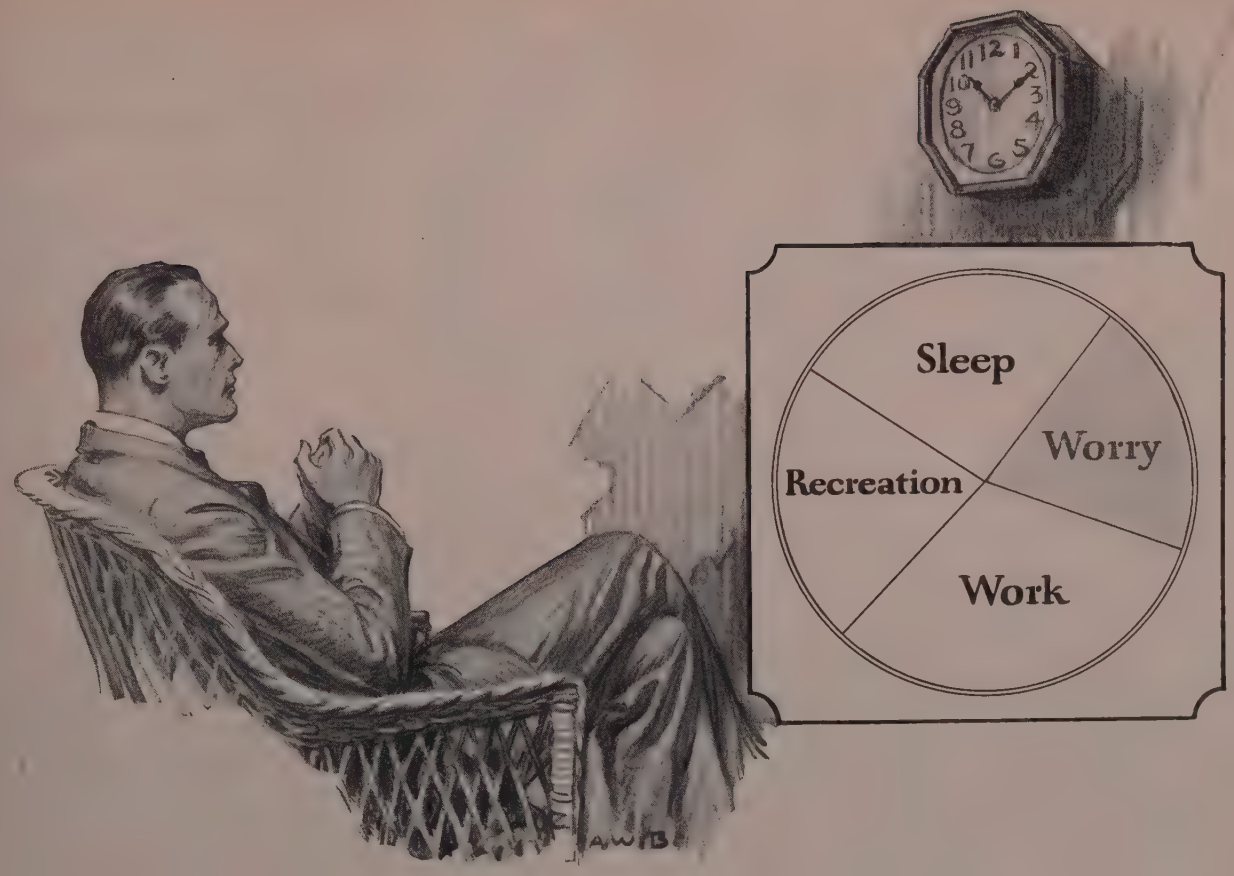
A play in three acts by William Hodge, presented by Lee Shubert at the 49th Street Theatre, on Oct. 15th, with the following cast:

Frederic Warren, Frank Losee; Walter Fisher, Echlin Gayer; Joey, Florence Mason; Mrs. Warren, Marion Abbott; Dr. Shipman, Frank Burbeck; Ethel Warren, Belle Murry; Tom Griswald, William Hodge; Eugene Merrick, Robert Middlemass; Frederic Warren, Jr., Frederick Howard; Mr. Dysart, Philip Dunning; A Maid, Rita Sherman.

THIS play is another soul-stirrer, preaching about the sublimer pleasures of a "better life." It is enjoying enormous popularity.

Mr. Hodge plays a fine moral ditch-digger with an eternal whistle on his lips. This Pollyannaized son of toil comes into the home of a sick millionaire and cures the whole family with his point of view, only to discover that the stenographer whom the rich employer was intent on seducing is his own long lost daughter.

Everybody is transfigured in the end, including the box-office.



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IT'S a nice "Box" which we offer with the New Year's greetings, if we do say it ourself. For we have discovered some real prizes for you. They begin with *Spring Cleaning* and Violet Heming and a wonderful three-in-one compact, and go on to . .

But read, and learn for yourselves.

Spring Cleaning at The Eltinge is great fun to see . . and what a delightful cast! Arthur Byron and Estelle Winwood and Blythe Daly . . and last but not least our very, very favorite, Violet Heming. We just had to go round to her dressing-room after the matinée, and have a once-again close-up of that lovely English roses-and-cream skin, and those cornflower blue eyes . . taking our escort with us, which didn't make him in the least angry, we'll tell the world. We have yet to find the man who fails to fall a victim to the Violet Heming charm.

We chatted a few minutes about "things," as "Penrod" might say. We tried to secure Miss Heming for tea, but "she'd love to and couldn't because she had to go somewhere else, and why not ride up with her in her car." Agreed. Delightedly agreed. We left the dressing-room. We were about to exit from the stage door, when Miss Heming, feeling in the pocket of her smart blue suit, suddenly stopped and exclaimed. "Oh, wait a minute, I'll be right back. I almost left my most precious possession behind."

She was off and back in a jiffy, and—

"What was it?" we asked curiously.

"My new compact, the darling," answered Miss Heming. "I wouldn't go anywhere without it for the world. See," she demonstrated, as we rode off in the car, "isn't it precious? First, there's your good powder. Isn't that odor exotically delicious! *Joli mémoire,* it's called. Smell . . close . . Only you don't really have to, do you? You get the whiff of it the minute the lid's open . . But that's only the beginning . . This little sliding drawer underneath—that's the compact's real accomplishment. Look! It pushes out, and there is rouge, and there is a miniature lipstick all complete. Isn't it too sweet! You can't imagine the convenience of having all three, powder, rouge, lipstick, together under one roof, so to speak. I just slip it in my pocket with my change purse, and it's all I need for going back and forth from the theatre.

"As a matter of fact that's how it came to be . . for the *Follies'* girls to slip in their pockets matinée days . . A *Folly,* Juanita Munn, I think, helped to work out the three-in-one idea. And then, naturally every woman who saw the compact wanted one like it, and so it finally was put on the market. And there you are!"

Indeed we were! It certainly was tricky, that compact. Very smart in appearance, too, with its shiny gold case, and the little square of decoration on the cover, designed, said Miss Heming, by the artist,

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* * *

We said above that our discoveries began with *Spring Cleaning* and Violet Heming. They go on being concerned with *Spring Cleaning* too, only with another member of the cast, namely Blythe Daly, talented daughter of Arnold Daly.

A few days after the *Spring Cleaning* matinée, on passing out of *The Elysée* at lunch time, we ran across Miss Daly just finishing a bite. We stopped to say "Howdy," and how much we enjoyed her performance the other afternoon, and that led to our sitting down for a short chat. Miss Daly was looking particularly fit, her blondeness and her long black eyelashes set off by a grey tailleur and a small gray cloche, an ivory gardenia in her buttonhole, a long ivory cigarette holder in her hand.

In the course of our chat we mentioned the wonderful compact Miss Heming had shown us, and *that* led to Miss Daly's telling us about her new discovery.

"Wait till you hear about it," she said, "it's a peach. And it has such a nice little story . . really true . . connected with it. Have you a minute? This is how it goes . .

"During the war, it seems, a certain young aviator went into a shop in Paris and asked for something to take the wind burn out of his face. They gave him a bottle of . . er . . 'something' . . which he used and found to be marvellously efficacious. Not only did it take out the burn but he made the discovery that it cleansed his skin as well in a truly remarkable fashion.

"He was so enthusiastic about the preparation that he recommended it to all his brother aviators, and they liked it and used it so much, that in turn they passed it on to all the American women they knew over in France doing war work . . relatives and friends and sweethearts. You can imagine what a godsend it was to them in some of those small places in France during the war, where water, either hot or cold, was at such a premium. Just a dash of this on a piece of cotton, rubbed over the face, and it took away all the dirt and shine . . It was the most cleansing thing, they all agreed. And you can say all you please about cleansing the face with cold cream, but it never makes you feel fresh the way a liquid does, does it?

"Well, anyway, these women and soldiers who had used the preparation abroad brought what they could back with them, but when that supply ran out they found it difficult to get more from Paris . . and impossible to get on this side. They went round asking everywhere, but at that time no one had it, and they missed it badly. There wasn't anything just like it in this country, nor that could take its place. But finally a manufacturer got wind of all this and being enterprising cabled for the right to make it in this country . . so now it can be had on the spot.

"An aviator friend of mine—though not the original discoverer—shared with me some of the supply he brought back from Paris, and told me the story. I'm frightfully sold on the preparation . . As a matter of fact I was just going to get a fresh bottle. Come down the Avenue with me now, and see what it looks like."

We not only went down the Avenue to a shop where we saw "what it looked like," but Miss Daly insisted on presenting us with a bottle. It contained a lovely purple colored liquid with a delicious fragrance, and a name that suggested all its qualities of cleansing and freshening and softening and soothing . . We have tried it and found it everything that Miss Daly said in that respect. The preparation of preparations to use after outdoor sports, or take on a motor trip! It just *eats out the dust and shine* . .

(*For the name of the new compact used by Violet Heming: and the name and price of the French preparation used by Blythe Daly, and where they can be obtained, write The Vanity Box, care the* THEATRE MAGAZINE, *2 West 45th St., New York City.*)

"Judgment of the Storm"
A Palmer Production

The Story that brought $1,000 Cash and Royalties to an Obscure Housewife

newest and most significant experi- in motion pictures comes before the goers of the country with the cur- lease of the first Palmer production, *nt of the Storm.*

picture is the advance guard of drama which is genuinely of the by the people, and for the people. as written by a housewife, the wife of burgh factory foreman. It was based astounding dramatic episode in the f people of her acquaintance.

Ethel Styles Middle- e author, had never for the screen. But h its remarkable Cre- Test, the educational ment of the Palmer oplay Corporation, is now conducting a -wide search for new g talent, discovered

ors Share in Profits

s institution is proud result. It is proud nd behind the produc- of *Judgment of the* as embodying the for which it strives. proud to stand behind her forthcoming Pal- productions which like- give to the screen the imagination of new rs discovered through ame Creative Test that brought Mrs. leton national recognition. They are *larded Gates,* by a former salesman; by a former mechanical engineer, and rd as yet unnamed, by a country doctor. advance of $1,000 cash on royalties been paid each author and each will e, besides, a percentage of the pro- 's profits for five years.

gment of the Storm tells a richly warm human drama, yet it is not one bit more atic than the personal story of its author. e hosts of theatre-goers, the Pittsburgh wife for years had experienced increas- disappointment with motion pictures. s and settings were the best, but the s told were often cheap, tawdry and cere. Like thousands of others, she to herself, "I believe I could write a r story than that."

She Clipped the Coupon

en one day her attention was drawn to upon—the same coupon that appears at ottom of this page. It told of the need new screen writers, and of the Creative evolved by this institution.

She clipped the coupon, mailed it, and today—as a direct result of that one simple little act—she is on the high road to success as a screen writer. Instead of an obscure housewife known only to a little circle of acquaintances, she is today a famous writer whose name flashes nightly before the eyes of millions of theatre-goers in thousands of theatres.

Will this Test Discover You?

No cost or obligation of any sort is involved in filling out the coupon. It will bring the Creative Test —with which a fascinating evening can be spent. If the result, as determined by this institution's educational department shows absence of dramatic creativeness, you will be told so frankly and promptly. If, on the other hand, such qualities are indicated, the same co-operation extended to the housewife, the salesman, the mechanical engineer, the country doctor, and many others who have succeeded in this new field will be made available to you.

We believe there are hundreds of men and women like this Pittsburgh housewife who have powerful stories to tell. We believe there are hundreds with the imagination to see possibilities in novel or play which could be adapted to the screen. Yet, like Mrs. Middleton, these men and women realize that training in photoplay construction is vital, and that without such training they would find it difficult, if not impossible, to write acceptable screen drama.

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"Judgment of the Storm" was written directly for the screen. But its dramatic appeal is so powerful that the publishing house of Doubleday, Page & Co., has novelized the screen story. Under the same title as the picture the novel will be on sale wherever the picture is shown.

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THE second year of *The Playguide* has rolled round and finds it already a flourishing institution. We are sending hundreds of copies each month to our out-of-town readers, which helps them so to plan their theatregoing ahead of time that they reap a maximum of pleasure and profit from it, as well as an increased delight in the fun of anticipation. Sufficient Playguide pudding has been eaten by these subscribers to prove its value, and even when the decision to come to New York is on the spur of the moment *The Playguide* is their first thought. A telegram or special delivery arrives in the office and out travels the handy little *Guide* by return mail.

And information concerning the current plays is not all *The Playguide* has to offer. As for example: recently we received a letter from a man in Ohio who thanked us for *The Playguide* co-operation which not only enabled his family to have two joyous weeks of theatregoing in New York, but located them in the just-right hotel as well.

Our *in-town* readers avail themselves equally of the services of *The Playguide,* appreciating its right-at-hand convenient form, and its unbiased and concise summing up. Thus encouraged, we hope to make this service even more efficient during the coming year, and we urge and invite our readers who are not already taking advantage of it to begin doing so at once.

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For Twenty-three Years Editor of THEATRE MAGAZINE

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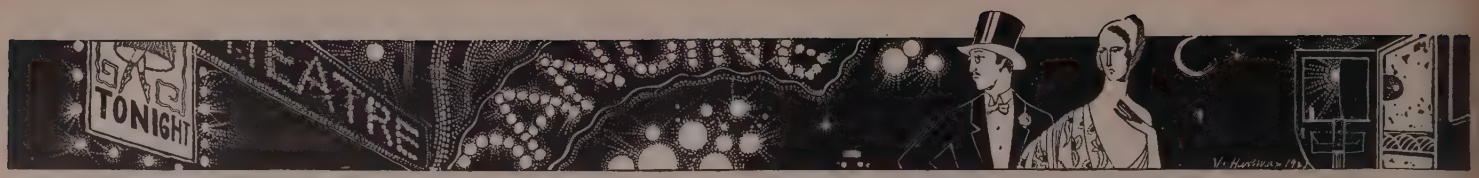

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FOR the past two years Greenwich Village, as manifested through the character of its little restaurants, seems to have been going through a change. There are still, to be sure, the bright-light restaurants for the sight-seers. But in the places where the real Villagers like to go the atmosphere has undergone a certain toning down, or up, if you prefer. Bohemia has come of age. Its gaiety is now sincere and unforced, as was not always the case in the past. It is sure of itself and can afford, along with just as much art, a greater simplicity.

WHY MEN LEAVE HOME

NOWHERE in the city are there such charming little lunch and dinner nooks as around Sheridan Square, of real distinction and quality, with simple but artistic interiors, with simple but delicious, even *artistic* food —with simple prices too. There you will find the real bona fide Villagers, those who have arrived or are rapidly arriving, artists, actors, writers, poets, musicians, young people who work hard, who are good-looking and well dressed, male and female proportions about equally balanced, but if any preponderance that of the masculine element.

We have in mind three such places in particular. The Waverly Inn, standing at the extreme west end of Waverly Place: "156," as it is known, and as it appears on its sign-board outside, midway down Waverly Place: and The Cherry Lane Dinner Club, in rechristened Cherry Lane, that little half-moon off Seventh Avenue, at Commerce Street, which houses the Inter-Theatre Arts, and which is rapidly acquiring nation-wide celebrity.

The Waverly Inn is the senior of the group, though hardly two years old as yet. But during that short time its atmosphere has grown and mellowed along with its prosperity, and its low ceilings, its candled tables and attractive chinaware form a setting that invites the soul along with the palate.

"156" was formerly the studio of the artist Popini, and the curved arch which makes such a delicious vista between the two rooms, the quaint floor painted in squares of black and silver are witness to the fact. There is an open fireplace, a fire on the hearth in seasonable weather, and seats running round the walls lavish with pillows. And, of course, food.

The Cherry Lane Dinner Club whose sign-board reads "36" has as manager Marie St. Gaudens, niece of the great artist, and is a triumph in artistic simplicity. The cream tones of plaster walls and scoured tables and chairs are contrasted with a brick fireplace, it too with its hearth fire, and the food is so good it almost partakes of a voluptuous quality.

CALLED EL PATIO

OUR mail has brought us an announcement from The McAlpin Hotel which sounds mouth-watering. It is to the effect that a new Spanish room, called El Patio, has been opened on the Mezzanine floor—a complete reproduction of a Seventeenth Century Spanish Patio, with wonderful lighting effects and rare plants gathered from all over the world. An Argentine orchestra direct from Buenos Aires, and La Montero, one of the greatest Spanish dancers in the world, appear there nightly. El Patio is open in the evening for dancing (formal dress only) from 10.30 to 2 A. M., and on Saturday afternoons.

TEA DANCES

DANCING seems to have taken on a new lease of life along with the opening of the new year. Let no one imagine its popularity to be dying out. Witness to which is the fact that whereas during the fall there were only one or two places at which afternoon dancing could be found, now several more are catering to what was evidently a distinct demand. Among them, interestingly, is The Ritz, which now offers afternoon tea dances downstairs in the Grill.

ANNE ARCHBALD

Notice: THEATRE MAGAZINE *will be glad to act as purchasing agent for clubs or groups of twenty-five or more people wishing to secure seats for current New York attractions. When writing please give first, second and third choice of plays; state location desired, price, etc. Address: The Playguide,* THEATRE MAGAZINE, *2 West 45th Street, New York.*

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Ziegfeld Bars "Theatre" Critic

Manager punishes unfavorable notice of the "Follies" by closing his doors to Mr. Hornblow

HIS managerial feathers ruffled by what THEATRE MAGAZINE said of his new *Follies*, Mr. Flo Ziegfeld has notified Mr. Hornblow, through his press representative, that he (Mr. Hornblow) is no longer *persona grata* in the theatres controlled by Mr. Ziegfeld, and that the customary reviewer's seats, already sent to THEATRE MAGAZINE for the opening of Eddie Cantor's new play *Kid Boots*, were officially and summarily withdrawn. In other words, said Hornblow, having grievously offended, is henceforth beyond the pale as far as the Ziegfeld shows are concerned.

Our first emotion on receiving this *communiqué* was sheer astonishment. We thought that possibly *Kid Boots* had proved so bad at rehearsal that brother Ziegfeld considerately wished to spare us the tedium of having to sit through it. Then it dawned on us that the manager was mad at something we had printed about his *Follies* and had issued this Bull of Excommunication as punishment for our temerity. We recalled that on the occasion of the production of the new *Follies* we had felt constrained to tell some plain truths about that show. We said emphatically that in spite of press agents' ravings the show this year was considerably below par. We said that while there were a few good things on the program, the entertainment as a whole lacked snap, beauty and interest, all of which remarks, from the Ziegfeld point of view, constituted nothing less than *lèse majesté*, meriting condign punishment.

Mr. Ziegfeld's favorite pastime when not engaged picking beauties for his shows is penning telegrams. When he's out of town his New York theatre receives many wires a day, keeping his office force constantly on the jump. Our notice was not intended to create a similar disturbing effect on Ziegfeld. It was really only a gentle confirmation of what must have been the astute producer's own suspicions. Had not his own stage director pointed out to him that some of the acts in the opening bill were hopeless chestnuts, that it was absurd to ask people to pay twenty-two dollars a seat and then give them the Hippodrome crow? Mr. Ziegfeld refused to listen with the result that his show was panned by almost every critic in town. But he was not really aggrieved until he read what THEATRE MAGAZINE had to say. Then he tore his hair and dashed off the following telegram:

THEATRE MAGAZINE, *New York.*

Accept sincere appreciation and thanks for wonderful notice your critic wrote about Follies. It was a classic. Everything he praised the audience verdict cut out. All he condemned they approved.

ZIEGFELD

Mr. Ziegfeld was so wroth when he sent that telegram he did not take the trouble to adhere strictly to facts. This, anyone who read the review in THEATRE MAGAZINE of which he complains and then glances at the current *Follies* program, can see for himself. In our review we condemned particularly the acrobat girls, the Hippodrome crow, the inane Lonsdale playlet. These weak features have all been cut out of the bill. The features we praised: Fannie Brice and her songs, the Paul Whiteman orchestra, Ben Ali Haggin's beautiful pantomime picture *La Marquise*, have all been retained. If that proves anything it proves that THEATRE MAGAZINE was right and Mr. Ziegfeld wrong, even by his own showing.

That Mr. Ziegfeld was himself well aware of the shortcomings of his new *Follies* is proved by the following telegram which he sent to Mr. Percy Hammond, dramatic critic of the *New York Tribune*, and printed in that paper by Mr. Hammond on December 9, which urged him to see the *Follies* again on the ground that "it is nearly right now." The telegram said:

Could you stand sitting through Follies again? It's nearly right now after twelve weeks' rehearsal. Come on, please be a sport.

ZIEGFELD

Mr. Ziegfeld refuses us the courtesies of his house. He is quite within his right. But that does not say that THEATRE MAGAZINE readers will be deprived of reviews of the Ziegfeld productions. Mr. Hornblow will continue to go to the play—including the plays produced by Mr. Ziegfeld.

A Different Sort of Telegram

From the head of the Chicago Theatre Managers' Association

Publishers: THEATRE MAGAZINE, New York City

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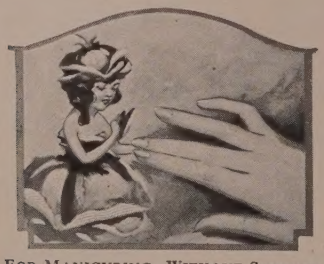

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IN OUR NEXT ISSUE: Have you ever tried to sell a play to a manager? Read in the March "Theatre" what the author is up against when he attempts to get his work produced on the stage. ☙ One of the surprises of the theatrical world has been the rapid rise of Morris Gest from obscure ticket speculator to Broadway producer of the first rank. In a signed article in March "Theatre," Mr. Gest himself tells the remarkable story of his climb to success and why he is particularly interested in exotic art. ☙ The night life of New York! What do you know about it? The famous cabarets—the dancing clubs where the fun begins only when most people have gone to sleep. Read in March "Theatre" the light side of Broadway's darkest hour. These are only a few of the features in a number of extraordinary interest.

F. E. ALLARDT, Director of Circulation

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